THE

CASTLE

OF

SAINT DONATS;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

VOL. II.

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THE

Castle of St. Donats.

CHAP. I.

Had ſhe in fam'd Cortona's town been found
When Zeuxis gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame
For Juno's fane a faultleſs ſhape to frame;
She for his model had alone ſuffic'd,
Since all perfection was in her compris'd.

Book II. Orlando Furioſo.

MAJOR Grey's arrival prevented ſo long a ſtay as the gentlemen otherwiſe would have made with Mr. Selfwill, and promiſing to repeat it the firſt opportunity, they accompanied the Major, who had indiſpen-

ſible buſineſs, to town. This was the firſt time our young hero was in London, which exceeded all thoſe ſtrong ideas his youthful mind had before imbibed of it. He was never tired of walking about the ſtreets, and in every one he paſſed, he found ſomething or other new and entertaining. Lord Edward was in town waiting for them, and the young men were often together. Lord Edward introduced him to many others about their own age, and parties were continually made to go to the different places of amuſement. Sometimes Major Grey and Mr. Freeman accompanied them; at others the young men were alone. Three weeks quickly paſſed in this agreeable manner. To a mind like Smith's, ever eager for information, nothing could be more grateful; nor is to be wondered at, that the firſt taſte of the enticing pleaſures of the ever gay metropolis, ſhould have irreſiſtible charms. Like rich and voluptuous dainties are all thoſe gratifications of the mind, which do not naturally mingle themſelves with our

uſual

uſual occupations: therefore we ſay, "forbidden pleaſures are the ſweeteſt," becauſe the very act of being forbidden makes them ſeem ſcarce, and, as it were, new and unknown; but when the novelty wears away, cuſtom again urges us to reſume thoſe which were before familiar, and, as it were, natural to us: hence we ſee the force of that expreſſion of the moraliſt, "train up a child in the way he ſhould go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." He, who has ever lived in retirement with a few choſen acquaintance, if he is of a ſociable turn of mind, will perceive, on the introduction of a ſtranger, a change in their common manner and converſation, which will make his company agreeable; but the moment the novelty wears off, if the man has no intrinſic worth or amuſement in him, the converſation will ſoon grow tireſome, and at laſt even offenſive:—ſo it is with what is generally called pleaſure—the leſs we take of it, the more agreeable it is. There are no ſet of people ſo completely unhappy, as

they who live in a conſtant courſe of frivolous amuſement; for our pleaſures are like the famous ſibylline leaves, they become more and more valuable the more they are diminiſhed, and have, like them too, a greater name by being rarely tried and made uſe of. Our party arrived at Oxford; Dick, not the leaſt merry of the company, ſwore to Lord Edward's valet that he was always certain Mr. Smith was born to be a gentleman. Lord Edward was entered as a nobleman's ſon, at C. C., and Smith a commoner, till the promiſed ſtudentſhip was vacant; this, he was aſſured, he ſhould receive before he came to reſide, which was not intended till after the long vacation. At Oxford the gentlemen ſeparated; Lord Edward and Mr. Freeman returned together into Wales, and Smith accompanied Major Grey to his houſe in Wiltſhire. Old Abraham and Mrs. Mary were ſo aſtoniſhed, they loſt words to expreſs their joy; though they had before expected their maſter, they little thought who was to accompany him. Old

Abraham

Abraham looked at our hero, who ſhook him cordially by the hand, as if he was his own, proud of one he had given the firſt inſtructions to, and whom he had ſo great a value for. Smith claſped Mrs. Mary round the neck, and gave her ſo hearty a ſmack, that he even raiſed a bluſh among thoſe maiden furrows with which time had dignified her cheek. After our hero had retired with his friend into the parlour, to tell the converſation that paſſed, among Dick and his fellow-ſervants, it would be difficult indeed. Dick talked of his bravery; Abraham of his improvement, and no doubt great learning; and Mrs. Mary of his form, his ſtature, and his beauty in no very homely ſtile; ſo ſurpriſed were they at his unexpected coming, they almoſt forgot their beloved maſter, a man, whom Timon, the miſanthrope, himſelf could not have avoided loving. Among other things the Major informed Smith, that he had been offered a regiment if he would once more go to the Weſt, and that the offer was ſo advantageous,

he did not think proper to refuſe: "I am more accuſtomed to the climate," ſaid he, "and have much leſs to fear from its baneful effects than a freſh man." He told him, that from the time he landed at St. Domingo, he propoſed doubling the ſum he at preſent allowed him. The Major alſo gave him ſome excellent advice, which, though it was far from diffuſe, I forbear to repeat, as it was all compriſed under the two words "Take care." After remaining a month with his friend, he prepared to return to St. Donats, and the Major again was going to town; Dick was to attend him as far as Briſtol with Major Grey's horſes; from thence he was to croſs the new paſſage. Lamentations and ſorrow, as uſual on ſuch occaſions, duly took place at his departure.

As they entered Briſtol, a gentleman's chaiſe paſſed them very quick; but our hero inſtantly caught a glance of the fair maiden he had reſcued, and her father, and preſently after followed on horſeback the other gentleman who had accompanied her father, and

two

two ſervants. He had bowed as the carriage paſſed him, and it was faintly returned by the old gentleman, but not ſo faintly, he thought, by his fair daughter. The perſon, who followed, had not noticed him, but his look clearly ſhowed that he had not forgot him. As he found himſelf particularly intereſted about the lady, he determined to wait a few days at Briſtol, and even ride over to Bath, in hopes, by ſome means or other, of again ſeeing her. He went to the play that evening, and had not been long in the houſe, before he perceived the lovely object that employed his thoughts; the uncivil ſtranger was ſitting by her ſide alone. Smith had determined, at all events, to ſpeak to her, when he perceived a gentleman enter the ſame box, whom he had lately been introduced to in town by Lord Edward: he was a young man, not much older than himſelf, a Baronet, Sir Harry Valence. He entered into converſation with the parties, and ſeemed to be perfectly acquainted. Smith endeavoured to catch

his eye, and ſoon ſucceeded; he came immediately out of the box, and meeting Smith in the lobby, told him how glad he was to ſee him: Smith returning his civility, aſked him, who was the gentleman and lady he had juſt left? "The lady," ſaid he, "I have ſome little knowledge of." "And I hope," replied Sir Harry, "you have no thought of having any more, as the trial, I can aſſure you, will be all in vain; her father has determined to marry her to that hopeful youth that ſits beſide her."

"Who is he?

"Her couſin. That wretch, a brother Baronet, will you believe it, Smith, has twenty thouſand a year, with an enormous quantity of ready money, ſaved during his minority. He is as ſtingy as a reformed ſpendthrift, and as ſuſpicious as a married rake; every body would call him a fool, was he not as well known a knave as any in the kingdom; he is the greateſt coxcomb on the face of the earth, and while he affects to be

acquainted

acquainted with every thing, he is a thouſand times worſe off than if he knew nothing."

"Enough of the wretch, my good Sir Harry; but tell me, who is his couſin?"

"She is, Smith;—how ſhall I praiſe her enough—I cannot do it, ſo I will not injure her excellence by trying. You muſt take one with the other, and I aſſure you ſhe has enough goodneſs even to make him go down; ſo come along, I'll introduce you to both together." Taking our hero by the arm, he led him inſtantly to the box. "Miſs Modeley," ſaid he, "let me have the pleaſure of introducing Mr. Smith to you.—Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, this is my friend, Mr. Smith, a man of as much honour, as if he had been born in Wales."—Sir Sandy roſe from his ſeat, and bowed to Mr. Smith. Miſs Modeley's fine eyes ſhewed ſhe was not diſpleaſed at the introduction. Our youth had now the pleaſure of talking to his adored miſtreſs; but every word he uttered was ſo attended to by his rival, that he found himſelf very much conſtrained in his addreſs to her. He was ſoon

to leave Briſtol—he had no time to think of the propriety of his conduct, but he determined, if poſſible, at any rate, to open his heart to the ſweet maid. The dread of loſing her overcame every other ſenſation, every other thought; the impetuoſity of his temper took the lead of his reaſon. Riſing up after the firſt act, he took Sir Harry by the arm, and motioned him to leave the box.

"My dear Sir Harry," ſaid he warmly, the moment they entered the lobby, "if you can contrive to get me five minutes' converſation with that charming girl, alone, you will eternally oblige me; I'll give you my reaſon another time." "That I eaſily could," ſaid the other, "for I have Sir Sandy a little in awe (you ſhall have my ſecret too another time); but I expect Mr. Modeley every minute. How unlucky," added he, "I have not a ſervant in the houſe, or I could do it as it is." "A man I can depend upon," replied Smith, eagerly, "I this moment ſaw in the pit; he came with

me from the Major's; he will do any thing to ſerve me. I'll call him this moment; what is he to do?" Sir Harry now explained his plot to our hero; that, by the ſtory of a ſham quarrel, he purpoſed to gain the attention of Mr. Modeley, (whoſe grand hobby was a pugiliſtic rencountre) and to draw Sir Sandy from the lady, under the plea, that he muſt aſſiſt him in getting her father from the crowd, while Smith was to ſtay and protect the fair one. Dick was ſoon found; and being informed of his poſt, replied, "It is the very thing, Sir, I have been wiſhing for; becauſe I ſhould have fought a damned fellow in the pit, that would not ſit down, and told me, I might do as I could; but my maſter deſired me to take care, and not to get into any quarrels." At this moment the father of the fair damſel entered the lobby; Sir Harry hurried away Dick, and promiſed to keep him in talk till he returned with his antagoniſt. Smith haſtened back to the box where he had left his fair one, unconſcious of

the ſtorm her charms were now raiſing. Dick ſoon came back, followed by another, and when he ſaw Sir Harry ſtanding at the door, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by Mr. Modeley, "I'll fight you directly, if I can meet with a ſecond!" Mr. Modeley, haſtily turning round, cried out, "Fight! who? what? I'll take care you ſhall have fair play. I'll be—I mean, I'll get you a ſecond."—Then looking at the other man, exclaimed, "What, Brute, this is one of your old tricks!" The man who had offended Dick, was a famous boxer, and well known to Mr. Modeley, who was a patron, as well as amateur in that neceſſary accompliſhment. The fellow went by the name of *the Brute*—a name he very well deſerved for his quarrelſome unaccommodating temper. To Mr. Modeley's remark, that he ſuppoſed the quarrel to be one of his old tricks, he replied, "Why, damn'um, he ſeems as much inclined to the ſtuff as myſelf." Mr. Modeley attended the champions, and as it was not yet eight o'clock,

and

and in the ſummer time, it was ſtill broad day-light; Sir Harry ſlipt back to the boxes to fetch his brother Baronet out, and going up to him, whiſpered, "You muſt come out immediately with me; Mr. Modeley is got into the midſt of a crowd to ſee a battle, and I ſhall never be able, alone, to get him away from it."—Sir Sandy at firſt demurred; but, being ſtrenuouſly aſſured it was abſolutely neceſſary, very reluctantly departed. Our hero, thus left alone with the fair miſtreſs of his heart, loſt not, in uſeleſs compliments, the precious moment, but courageouſly began his attack. With all the rapture and enthuſiaſm, though with the utmoſt delicacy and reſpect of a true lover, he declared the force and conſtancy of his attachment; he lamented the dreadful bar to his hopes, which he had that evening heard, and confeſſed it was by a manœuvre of his friend, Sir Harry, that he enjoyed the preſent moment. He declared, that no power ſhould weaken his adoration; that from the firſt inſtant he had by chance ſeen her,

her, to the preſent time, her beloved perſon had never been abſent from his thoughts; that no other motive, than the dread of eternally loſing her, induced him to take the preſent liberty, and that every other conſideration was loſt in that fear. Candidly and openly did he explain the uncertainty of his ſituation in life—an orphan, exiſting on the bounty of ſtrangers; yet was he but favoured with one hope from her, there was no ſituation, however great, on the face of the earth, that he would change for his preſent low one. To all this, the aſtoniſhed young lady looked very grave, and more than once did ſhe beg of him to drop all further thoughts of her; that ſhe ſhould always conſider herſelf gratefully obliged for the never-to-be-forgotten reſcue; but.—The voice of the charming girl could not be attuned to a diſcordant note; and our hero, ſending gratitude and obligation to the winds, again declared the violence and purity of his love, and begged, if happily he was not deemed unworthy her notice, ſhe would not too haſtily

haſtily beſtow that hand upon another, "which it ſhall be the pride and glory of my life," ſaid he, "to win and to deſerve. It is not the beauteous Miſs Modeley, the favourite of fortune, the idol of mankind, that I adore; no, it is that lovely unknown girl, whoſe harp and voice, vibrating to my ſoul, irreſiſtibly drew me a willing captive to her charms; whoſe beaming eyes, the index of her heavenly mind, enrapt my aſtoniſhed ſenſes; and to be bleſſed with her favour," concluded the youth, "I will willingly dedicate every day of my life, and forego every other earthly comfort and enjoyment."—Such was the ſubſtance of our hero's amorous declaration; nor did the fair hearer, though rather ſurpriſed, turn a deaf ear, or chill the happy ſpeaker with a cold indifference. The deep gravity of the young lady ſhewed that the ſubject was of no trifling nature, and ſo kindly ſhe bid him forget her, that more firmly was ſhe ſeated in his heart. Her ſmiles, though faint, pierced through his ſuſceptible frame; and

at

at laſt ſhe modeſtly confeſſed, "that—if—ſhould—certainly ſhe did not hate,—never would be ſwayed by pride or wealth,—obedience to her father,—but—would—not—raſhly—give her hand to any other."—Oh! with what anxious and eager attention did the ears of the youth catch every ſound that came from her ruby lips. But leaving the happy lover (I might ſay lovers) for a few minutes, let us ſee how Dick conducts himſelf through his part of the tragi-comedy.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

In mid career the rider oft reſtrains
The fiery courſer's ſpeed with gentle reins;
But ſeldom Reaſon's curb will hold confin'd
The unruly paſſions of an amorous mind.

ORLAN. FUR.

ARRIVED at the field of battle, the combatants were ſoon ſtripped and ready. A knowing old raſcal ſeconded the Brute, and Mr. Modeley got one of the ſame kidney to do the like for Dick. The firſt ſet-to, after a few manœuvres (for Dick was not totally ignorant of the pugiliſtic art), proved fatal to poor Dick, who was ſtruck to the ground with great violence. The ſecond

was

was with no better ſucceſs, though rather longer conteſted; his adverſary was a veteran in the ſcience, with all the ſkill and tricks belonging to it. As his ſecond again lifted him from the ground, the boxer ſaid coolly, yet loud enough to be heard by Dick—"He's a damn'd ſtrong fellow to be ſure, but knows nothing of the true ſort, and I've got it hollow." Dick reddened with indignation; the violence of his temper, which he had before reſtrained, as he tried to fight with coolneſs, returned like a ſtrong bow that ſnaps its ſtring; reaſon, every idea of fear and of care, totally forſook him: to be beat was enough to turn him mad; to be contemned and conquered, was far more dreadful than death. Again, therefore, as the third time he came forward, no appalled looks or diminiſhed courage were to be ſeen, but a countenance, a fiery eye, and a ſoul-harrowing ſmile, in which the very furies themſelves ſeemed triumphant. For a moment the boxer forgot his ſucceſs; for a moment Dick pauſed as he darted his eye towards

towards him; then, with a deſperate fury that baffles all deſcription, he ruſhed forward, and, regardleſs of all oppoſition, threw himſelf headlong with a dreadful force upon the other. Not with more determined courage did Curtius leap into the gulf—not with more violence does the madman daſh his brains out againſt the wall. The craſh was indeed moſt dreadful; his head encountered the face of his opponent, in vain defended by his fiſts, and the two combatants fell with an horrid violence on the ground. For ſome moments neither ſhewed any ſigns of life; the aſtoniſhed ſpectators looked aghaſt; the noiſy tumult, that before ſurrounded them, was at once huſhed; as rivetted by a thunder-ſtroke, no one ſpoke or ſtirred. At laſt the ſeconds, at the ſame time, lifted up their proſtrate friends, as yet without motion, and called for a ſurgeon; a perſon from among the crowd ſoon ſtepped forward, and opened a vein of each. Dick firſt began to bleed; and before the other had exhibited any ſigns of life, the ſurgeon declared

declared that his ſcull was fractured. Mr. Modeley, who thought himſelf in ſome degree anſwerable for Dick, ordered him to be carried to the neareſt inn, and have every care and attendance, for which he would take care to pay. Sir Harry, who knew himſelf the adviſer of the miſchief, ſpoke to the ſurgeon, and deſired him not to leave the man till he came. The other fellow, a native of Briſtol, was directly carried home by his party. "Who this mad fellow can be," ſaid Mr. Modeley, as he ſlowly proceeded to the theatre, "I have no idea, unleſs it is the devil himſelf." "I think," ſaid Sir Harry, pretending to muſe, "I recollect his face; he is a ſervant to a gentleman we left to take care of Miſs Modeley as we came after you; his name is Smith."—"The very perſon—gentleman I mean," ſaid Sir Sandy, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Modeley, "we met with on the Durham road, when Miſs Eliza was carried off." "Indeed!" ſaid Mr. Modeley, "Sir Sandy, you ought not to have left my daughter with a ſtranger." Sir

Sandy

Sandy excuſed himſelf, in that he came to his aſſiſtance; and Mr. Modeley, without reply, made haſte to his daughter. Sir Harry Valence began to ſee the force of the former acquaintance of his young friend; he had heard ſome imperfect ſtories of Miſs Modeley's being forced away, and reſcued by a young lad, whom he never ſuppoſed to be Smith. But our hero, when he came to town, had undergone ſome little metamorphoſe in his dreſs and appearance; particularly his hair had been tied and powdered, which gave him a more manly exterior. When Mr. Modeley had entered, and been pointedly introduced by Sir Harry to Smith, our hero began to be anxious concerning Dick, and very ſoon after, with Sir Harry, left the houſe: they went ſtraight to the inn where Dick had been carried, and found the inſtantaneous bleeding had produced the moſt happy effect, by recovering him nearly as well as ever. He only felt a little weak; and, as he was under the beſt care and attention, they left him for the night.

Smith retired with Sir Harry to the tavern where he had dined, and where the other had alſo dined, (though in a private room); they agreed to eat their ſuppers together. Our hero explained to the Baronet his firſt acquaintance with Miſs Modeley, in as modeſt a manner as a man can ſpeak his own praiſe; and with the ardour of youth confeſſed that he was over head and ears in love. Sir Harry, in anſwer, with equal candour, informed him, that the certainty that there were no hopes, had prevented his aſpiring; "a very large property," ſaid he, "depends upon her mariage with Sir Sandy; I have therefore kept myſelf unſhackled, and I adviſe you to do the ſame; ſo my boy, I'll give you my favourite toaſt, Variety." Sir Harry, at this period of his life, was, what might be called, "a good man of the world;" and perhaps approached much nearer to that character, which Lord Cheſterfield drew, that a man of faſhion ſhould be, than all the ſyſtematical rakes and libertines that have been impoſed upon us

us as ſuch. The converſation ſoon returned to Miſs Modeley, and Sir Sandy Simeon Swain; when Sir Harry informed Smith of a curious circumſtance by which he had an hold upon Sir Sandy, and which ſhewed the poverty of the rich Baronet's ſpirits. "Sir Sandy," ſaid he, "has a ſmall property in my neighbourhood, a thing not worth his notice. Now, as I am the lord of the manor, by certain grants in my option, either to refuſe or beſtow, I can ſave Sir Sandy the vaſt ſum of ten pounds a year, which otherwiſe he would be compelled to pay an attorney for different powers, that I give him gratis. The fear, leſt I ſhould refuſe my conſent, obliges him to be very civil to me; and beſides, I confeſs, (for he is the greateſt coward breathing) I ſometimes bully him a little, when he proves at all reſtive." In developing the characters of our hero's new acquaintance, the gentlemen ſat together till a late hour. The character of the father he could not well explain, "ſo greatly is he altered," ſaid Sir Harry, ſince his

his beloved daughter is become more of the woman. He uſed to be generous, open, and liberal, but now he is uncivil, and ſuſpicious of every young man he ſees, and wants to marry his daughter as faſt as poſſible." Sir Harry was alſo an Oxonian; and told Smith he ſhould be at college the term he intended to reſide. Smith was pleaſed with the circumſtance, as he was much taken with his new acquaintance; and the young men parted at a late hour with mutual profeſſions of civility and friendſhip.

The critic, Horace, in his Art of Poetry, has, among his other excellent rules, informed us, that if we wiſh to be conſiſtent, we ſhould preſerve our characters the ſame to the end of the tale as we introduced them at the beginning. The hero of the preſent ſtory has never been preſented to the reader as bold and forward, or deficient in that modeſt baſhfulneſs ſo conſpicuous and ſo commendable in every youth of any ſentiment or feeling. He has not yet been deſcribed as the conceited ſelf-ſufficient coxcomb;

comb, but his behaviour in the laſt chapter, at the theatre, at leaſt gives him ſome claim to the character. His eager invention of a ſcheme, and ready adoption of the one propoſed, that he might enjoy an opportunity of ſpeaking to his lovely miſtreſs alone, ſhows no little forwardneſs; and the eager and impetuous manner in which he declared his paſſion for the fair object, has a great deal more of ſelf-ſufficiency than baſhfulneſs in it. Love, to be ſure, almighty love, works wonders: witneſs the tales from Cymon and Ephigenia, as told by the ready wit of a Boccaſe, to a no leſs wonderful, bold, and ſucceſsful adventure of the preſent day. Once upon a time, alſo, a country farmer was lamenting to his neighbour the childiſh ſtupidity of his only ſon and hopeful heir, young Clodpole. "I'll tell thee what," replied the other, a ſteady ſhrewd old fellow; "I ſaw him kiſs the dairy maid, the other night, at the harveſt home, and he licked his lips moſt comfortably after it; now, I ſuſpect, friend, he is about to fall in love, and if he does,

au rot him, don't thee never fear; love will ſoon make a man of him."—All this, and a great deal more, concerning love, might be ſaid in favour of our hero; who, if ever a youth of ſeventeen was violently ſmitten, had as good cauſe as any Romeo, Pyramus, &c. &c. &c. ever had before him. But there was another torch beſides Cupid's, which had kindled our hero's heart on the laſt evening; and which we are told from very great authority, "opens all its pores." Bacchus, jolly Bacchus, had unuſually inſpired him in the firſt dozen glaſſes of champaign which had ever paſſed his lips. Good wine had laid open each avenue of his heart; and Love, the reigning deity, no longer to be controuled, burſt forth from his tongue. This had worked the mighty wonders of the preceding evening; the briſk champaign had at once ſevered the gordian knot of youthful diffidence. But while I exculpate my hero from improper aſſurance, the drinking of the champaign muſt be briefly accounted for. Smith had dined

dined at the well-known Buſh tavern, (whoſe reſpectable high-ſpirited landlord, wants not the praiſe of a poor author); the day was a day of great note, and after the bill had been paid, Mr. Wicks, with his accuſtomed liberality, had begged the company's acceptance of a few bottles of champaign. Smith, as one of the party, had of courſe come in for a ſhare; and though he drank but a few glaſſes, yet the powerful effects of that mirth-inſpiring liquor, after what he had drank before, was enough to ſcatter abroad all cool deliberate thought. The fair damſel had been ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the unuſual boldneſs of the youth; but as the utmoſt delicacy was blended with it, and as neither the ſubject nor himſelf were ungrateful, the haſty introduction of it was almoſt forgotten. When Smith aroſe the next morning, and recollected the circumſtances of the preceding evening, he was heartily ſorry for the part he had acted; he feared, leſt his ill-timed and raſh declaration had prejudiced his miſtreſs againſt him; and without ſcruple

he condemned and lamented his conduct concerning Dick, for whom he was very anxious, and to whom he inſtantly departed. If getting drunk raiſes the ſpirits, getting ſober equally depreſſes them. The man who drinks to raiſe his courage, is like the man who mounts a ſteeple to fly, they both arrive at the wiſhed-for pitch; but by every ſtruggle afterwards, inſtead of ſoaring higher, they ſink themſelves down to their original level. Our hero found Dick in his bed, but only reſtrained there, by being told it was particularly enjoined by the gentleman, that he ſhould not riſe till he came in the morning; for ſuch had been the orders that Mr. Smith had left in the evening. To our youth's warm enquiries he found he was perfectly well, and had ſlept ſound all night; the ſurgeon corroborated the ſame, but on account of the bleeding, thought it better for him to ſtay one day more before he returned into Wiltſhire: this was agreed to, and Smith determined to remain himſelf that day at Briſtol, and go to Wales on the

following. He was in hopes, ſince the ice was broke, of another interview with Miſs Modeley, that he might excuſe his boldneſs of the preceding night; that he might apologize, be pardoned, and offend again in the ſame manner;—all pretty things, and which naturally follow one another in the progreſs of love. When Smith returned back to the tavern, he found Sir Harry in the coffee-room; they breakfaſted together, and the Baronet, of his own accord, offered to take him to Mr. Modeley's reſidence, which he found was at the Hot-wells. "You are ſurpriſed, Smith," ſaid he, "at my intimacy in the family, but you muſt know we call couſins, and I ſhall be happy to rank you among the number; ſo come along, my boy." As Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, did not preſs for a long continuance of their viſiters' company, their ſtay was not very long; our hero embraced the opportunity of a few minutes to apologize for his abrupt addreſs of the former evening; but again declared, no earthly power ſhould ever

change his affections. His fair miſtreſs looked not diſpleaſed, and he took his leave with the flattering hope, that propitious Fortune would, ſome day or other, turn her wheel round in his favour. The next morning, having ſaid farewel to Sir Harry, he ſet off for the New Paſſage in his way to Glamorganſhire. Dick alſo prepared to return into Wiltſhire at the ſame time, carrying with him greater and more laſting marks of the generoſity, than he did of the impetuoſity of his young maſter's diſpoſition; while the Brute was ſo materially hurt by his rencontre, that, after a tedious illneſs, he became an inhabitant of the poor-houſe for life. Smith arrived the ſame evening at the Caſtle of St. Donats, and was very affectionately received by Mr. Freeman. It was now that our youth related to that gentleman the great effects, the charms of Miſs Modeley had made upon him; and he told, without reſerve, his conduct at Briſtol, and the conſequences thereof. Mr. Freeman cautioned him not to be haſty and impetuous

petuous in the affair; and perceiving the ſtrong impreſſion the fair maid had implanted in his mind, he left it to time to ſhow the very little probability there was of its ever taking place. Mr. Freeman had a deep knowledge of the human heart; he knew little checks and impediments only ſent the object on with freſh vigour; and he foreſaw the many chances that were likely to intervene againſt any alliance ever taking place at a diſtant period, between a young portionleſs lad, who had juſt entered at the Univerſity, and a beautiful rich heireſs in her ſixteenth year. Youth may be the ſeaſon for love, but it is not the ſeaſon for waiting; delay, to young people, is nearly the ſame as diſappointment; and expectation, with them, is the moment after the preſent.

CHAP. III.

"But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can;
The few that glare each character muſt mark
You balance not the many in the dark."

POPE.

OUR hero now enters upon a new ſtage; no longer under the immediate care and direction of any one, he acts for himſelf, and is ſole maſter of his own conduct. How many parents ſend their children to the Univerſity, totally ignorant of their ſituation; how many young men arrive here as unconſcious of their liberty, as if the age of childhood was to laſt for ever! a young man, who

who has been educated in the paths of virtue, and the moment he is let looſe, flies into the high road of vice, muſt be of a bad and untoward diſpoſition indeed. Few are ſo very depraved, and again, there are few ſo virtuouſly diſpoſed, as not to yield, more or leſs, to the encroaching habits of vice. So many things may be remarked upon the ſubject of diſſipation, that for the preſent I drop it entirely, with ſaying, that after all the abuſive things, which the falſe ſatire of a Churchill and others, who have been refuſed their degrees, have thought proper to direct againſt the Univerſities, they cannot deny them the ſame kind of merit, which the Papiſts give to their purgatory, "preparing them gradually for the ſtate they are going into."

At the time intended, Smith went to Oxford. Here all was new to him: he was become his own director, but he was happily bleſſed with all that knowledge, which the experience and clear judgment of another could give. Lord Edward went at the ſame

time; Smith received the ſtudentſhip, and by his friend's kind introduction, their acquaintance were the ſame; and it will be needleſs to ſay, of the very firſt ſtamp. Nor from the common habits of life had our hero reaſon to fear any particular extravagance on that account; the beſt company, it ſhould be remembered, is very rarely the moſt expenſive; it is that kind of company that wiſhes to be thought ſuperior; ſuch as are daſhing fellows, who, not having the qualifications neceſſary to make themſelves reſpected for their intrinſic worth, endeavour to ape and excel in thoſe accompliſhments more eaſily to be attained, of great expences, ſhow, noiſe, and notoriety of any kind:—the Nominals, Goldfinches, and ſo forth, of the day. *A name* is to be got by ſome means or other; if the world will not give them a good one, they are determined to get themſelves a bad one. There was too much of this ambition inherent in our hero, though he had abilities and virtues ſufficient not to play the fool to be noticed. Among Smith's acquaintance

quaintance was a Mr. Wiffle, a ſchool-fellow of Lord Edward, a man of ſtrange humour and eccentricity of character, particularly in a habit of punning, which by conſtant practice had ſo gained upon him, that he rarely attempted to ſpeak unleſs he had a pun or a joke ready. Another acquaintance of the name of Symms, was a man of conſiderable property in Devonſhire; his father was a man of the firſt eminence in the law; but the ſon had a fortune left him by his godfather, and had taken the name of Symms by order of the will. He had been brought up independent of his father, and had commenced his own guide at a very early age; this had occaſioned him to neglect the more learned ſtudies of the gentleman; and his natural genius, not conducted to any good, had degenerated into an aſtoniſhing talent for mimicry. You might ſee him in company for hours together, without his ſpeaking a word; but when the company were departed, he would, at the requeſt of any of his intimate acquaintance, immediately adopt the pecu-

liarities of each individual. He was famous alſo for his agility, and was an excellent horſeman; in ſhort, Nature ſeemed to intend him for a merry Andrew; but Chance, who thwarts the beſt intentions of the Goddeſs, had given him ſix thouſand a year, and a borough for two members of Parliament, the moment he came of age. The reſt of Smith's acquaintance, not before mentioned, were of too general a ſtamp to be particularly noticed at preſent. Smith had ſcarcely reſided at Oxford a week, before he received a letter, written in a hand evidently concealed, incloſing a bank note for one hundred pounds, with theſe lines: "The perſon, Sir, who ſends you this, is perfectly acquainted with your preſent and former circumſtances and ſituation; and ſuppoſes the encloſed, which can be eaſily ſpared, may not be unacceptable at your entrance at the Univerſity. Any attempt to diſcover the donor muſt be needleſs, troubleſome, and fruitleſs." It was in vain the youth racked his brains by gueſſing at the author; he

he went over the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance; every conjecture ſoon fell to the ground. When he returned to St. Donats at Chriſtmas, he informed Mr. Freeman of the gift, who was equally as himſelf at a loſs to account for it. Smith did not leave college again till after the long vacation; his friend Lord Edward accompanied him into Wales, and then went with his father over to Ireland, where the Duke had a large property, and had not been for many years. When he arrived at St. Donats, he found a London party had taken lodgings for the ſummer months; a reſpectable tradeſman and his wife, who had retired from buſineſs, and a maiden lady of their acquaintance about forty, who had been left an handſome fortune by a diſtant relation, to whom ſhe had been a nurſe under the name of houſe-keeper. They arrived but a few days before Smith, and were in raptures with the ſpot. The novelty of the ſea, with the grand and awful clift upon which the caſtle ſtood, inſpired them at

firſt

firſt with a kind of awe, which they miſtook for the height of pleaſure. Mr. Maiber had been, in his youth, a great coxcomb, and his grey hairs, which were become as white as ſnow, (though only in his fifty-fifth year) had not entirely diveſted him of his conceit and frivolity. His lady, about his own age, wiſhed to be thought ten years younger; ſhe had read, all her life, the novels and romances of the day, and had imbibed great ideas from this faſhionable, romantic ſummer excurſion. Miſs Streit, the maiden lady, had been, ever ſince her twentieth year, in attendance on her late couſin, who at laſt died at the advanced age of eighty; ſhe therefore joined in this party, becauſe ſhe was told it was pleaſure, a thing ſhe had been in ſearch of ever ſince the death of her relation, and to which (vain ſhadow) ſhe had ſacrificed the peace and comfort ſhe before enjoyed.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"Hence horrible ſhadow!
Unreal mockery hence! Why ſo?—being gone,
I am a man again."

SHAKESPEARE.

SUCH were the lodgers at the Caſtle of St Donats; no more fit for ſolitude, than the delicate petit maître to atchieve the labours of Hercules;—whoſe weak minds were ſo little equal to the taſk of drawing pleaſure and information from the diffuſed and ſcattered ſcenes of retirement, that rarely could they collect them from the numerous and motley crowd of life's public theatre.

The

The firſt week of their reſidence at the Caſtle paſſed off pretty well; the novelty had not yet worn off, and beſides ſome cold tongues, hams, with cakes, and other good things they had brought with them, were but juſt exhauſted. The country people too ſeemed to conſider them as ſuperior beings; and the gratification of their pride helped to keep them well pleaſed with their ſituation; but in the beginning of the ſecond week every thing was become familiar, and indifference followed of courſe. Mr. Maiber was an inquiſitive and meddling man, very willing to beſtow the knowledge he had attained upon others, and eager to get a freſh ſupply in its room: he ſoon heard ſome particulars about the ghoſt; theſe he haſtened to communicate to his wife and Miſs Streit. The former heard the account not without ſome pleaſure, as it agreed with her favourite notions, but poor Miſs Streit, who had never read a novel or romance in her life, felt the cold horror creep through her blood at once. Mr. Maiber himſelf

himſelf was rather alarmed; he clearly ſhewed it by affecting to laugh it off, and even talked of queſtioning this dreadful ſpirit. They had ſhown no inclination for an acquaintance with Mr. Freeman, who had civilly called ſome few days before at their lodgings. They conſidered him as a poor Welch Curate, that wanted their notice, and had not yet ſeen him. The reaſon was, that Mr. Freeman had avoided meeting them; and they, ſuppoſing the whole church ſervice to be in Welch, had not attended it on the Sunday, but deferred gratifying their curioſity to another time. The ſtory of the ghoſt, however, had made them very anxious for his acquaintance, in hopes he might be able to furniſh them with the particulars. Miſs Streit's maid, and a ſervant-boy of Mr. Maiber's, had heard moſt wonderful and ſhocking accounts. Very eager therefore was the gentleman to be acquainted with the Curate, and with great ſelf-conſequence called on Mr. Freeman to aſk him to dinner.

Mr.

Mr. Freeman was at the time reading with Smith an old Greek author; I cannot poſitively ſay, whether before the time of Æſchylus or not. Our youth, who had arrived but the evening before, opened the door. Mr. Maiber, aſtoniſhed at the elegance of his perſon, and gentility of his dreſs, loſt all his conſequence, and concluded he had made ſome miſtake; finding he had not, and Smith ſhowing him into a well furniſhed room, he had to encounter the piercing eyes of Mr. Freeman, who deſiring him to ſit down, told him by a look, what an inſignificant fellow he was. With the utmoſt humility he opened his buſineſs; firſt attempted an excuſe for not calling, and could not get through it; and concluded his buſineſs by inviting them both to dinner. It was at the time paſt one o'clock; Mr. Freeman therefore coolly refuſed him without the trouble of aſſigning any reaſon; and not trying to keep up the converſation, Mr. Maiber, completely creſt fallen, withdrew. The ill ſucceſs of his

his commiſſion, and the deſcription of the perſon of Mr. Freeman and his friend, quite aſtoniſhed the haughty and purſe-proud ladies; and, with very little appetite, and blaming one another, they ſat down to their dinner. The evening was wet, with a raw cold wind; and the ladies retiring together above ſtairs, left Mr. Maiber alone to the deſſert of his own thoughts. He found ſolitude doubly irkſome, and ſent his boy to the farmer to aſk him to drink a glaſs of wine. The farmer came, and, after a few glaſſes, and Mr. Maiber had heard what particulars the farmer could tell him of Mr. Freeman and Smith, the converſation turned upon the ghoſt. Mr. Maiber had already paid his lodgings for the whole ſummer, therefore the farmer, having no fears of loſing his tenant, did not mince the matter, but for the honour of the ghoſt, with all its horrors, told the dreadful tale. The ladies had come down time enough to hear the ſtory; and when the farmer had concluded, it was difficult to ſay, which of the three

was

was the moſt alarmed. Mrs. Maiber, in a great degree hid her's; Mr. Maiber, with a melancholy long grin, more than a ſmile, tried to joke it off; but the unhappy Miſs Streit took refuge in her general reſource when ſhe was in trouble, and began crying in a moſt tremendous tone. A diſmal reſtleſs night enſued, pregnant with a thouſand alarms and apprehenſions. A conſultation was held the next morning, and the Caſtle of St. Donats would have loſt its gueſts, had not the money for furniſhed lodgings been already paid; and though that was not of the moſt trifling conſequence to either of the parties, yet they ſacrificed their preſent comfort, that it might not be paid for nothing. In the moſt forlorn manner did another week ſlowly paſs by, in which time Mr. Freeman, who began to pity their forlorn ſituation, ſo far accepted Mr. Maiber's repeated offers at an acquaintance, as to converſe with him and the ladies, and ſometimes to walk about the place with them. In the laſt occupation Smith became

came a more general attendant, for he found himſelf irreſiſtibly taken by the eccentricity of the three characters. The ladies took the utmoſt notice of our hero, and were fawningly civil to Mr. Freeman. They had once or twice hinted at the ſtory of the ghoſt, but Mr. Freeman gave them no ſatisfaction about it, though Smith willingly indulged them. A month paſſed away, and the ghoſt was no longer dreaded: time had taken off from Mr. Maiber's fears, and added no ſmall portion of curioſity. Mr. Maiber, always a braggadocio, began to fancy there was no ſuch thing; talked in a high ſtile to our hero, and wiſhed much to ſee this formidable apparition. Smith agreed, if Mr. Freeman would permit, to walk with him on a moonlight night by the ſide of the tower, from whence the ghoſt might be ſeen. Smith had often, from his window, ſeen this apparition, but the diſtance was too far to diſtinguiſh its perſon. Mr. Freeman had always deſired him not to approach near it, but conſented to his accompanying Mr. Maiber,

Maiber, provided they left not the garden. Two nights following they waited in the garden from eleven to one, and nothing had been ſeen. The third night, the moon ſhining bright and clear, they had already waited till the old clock in the tower ſtruck twelve, and Smith was pointing out the ſpot; all was ſtill, the ſea was calm, when a diſtant ruſtling among the leaves caught their attention. In the next moment a figure, exactly as before deſcribed, ſlowly walked along the path from the well. A bloody fillet bound its brows, and it was evidently above the common ſize, and ſtalked majeſtically along. Mr. Maiber, whoſe courage had been at its height ſome moments before, and whoſe confidence had drawn him ſome diſtance from the caſtle to the end of that part called the garden, ſhuddered when he heard the ruſtling; but when the ſpectre appeared, he could not conceal his fears. He dropped in a panic upon his knees, while, his teeth chattering in his head, he endeavoured to repeat a prayer. Smith

was not unappalled; with ſurpriſe, and not without a ſecret horror, he viewed the ſpectre, which ſlowly paſſing along, uttered a deep and audible groan, and was loſt in the oppoſite buſhes. Though very viſible by the brightneſs of the full moon, it was at too great a diſtance for Smith to addreſs it; but the ſtrangeneſs of the circumſtance fixed in his mind a ſtrong deſire to ſpeak to it at ſome future period, and if poſſible, more clearly account for its walking. At preſent he turned all his attention to Mr. Maiber, who was in a pitiful caſe; the groan had completed his conſternation, ſtopped the riſing prayer, and laid him flat on the ground. With difficulty our hero raiſed him up, and ſupported him to Mr. Freeman's; a large glaſs of brandy, in ſome degree, rouſed his ſpirits, and a ſecond perfectly reſtored him. Smith ſaw him ſafe to the ladies, and returning to Mr. Freeman, informed him of the circumſtance of the affright. The next morning they called upon Mr. Maiber, and found the effects of the

the ſpirit had returned in a moſt violent manner. Death, with its preliminaries, ſtared him in the face, and the boy was already ordered to Cowbridge to get an attorney to make his will. When Mr. Freeman entered the room, the ghoſt-watcher exclaimed, "Ah, dear Sir! this is very good of you to viſit a poor afflicted man; I am making every preparation to depart after this warning. May I hope for your prayers, and that you will allow me decent interment in your church?" Mrs. Maiber cried moſt plentifully, and Miſs Streit abſolutely roared. It was ſome time before Mr. Freeman could get an hearing, when he aſſured Mr. Maiber that the appearance of the ſpectre had nothing to do with his death, that he himſelf had ſeen it many nights following, others had done the like, and that two men were ſtill living in the pariſh, who had ſeen and ſpoke to it. Mr. Maiber, in a low voice, informed him, that he was already ſeized with a preternatural——. His comforter conſoled him, that the two men had, in like manner,

manner, been affected, and both, in a few days recovered. Mr. Maiber was at laſt comforted, and gave over, for the preſent, the thoughts and preparations of dying; the attorney was countermanded, and a poſt-chaiſe ordered in his room. All parties were now determined to leave the Caſtle, and as a compenſation to Miſs Streit, (who in the midſt of all her affliction would not budge an inch without being indemnified) for her third ſhare thus deſtroyed by the ghoſt, Mr. Maiber agreed to provide her with lodgings gratis for the time, at the pleaſant town of Swanſea. Before Mr. Maiber departed, he was very profuſe of his thanks to Mr. Freeman and Smith. He invited them, very warmly, when they came to London, to pay him a viſit at Iſlington, and greatly preſſed Smith to take a ride as far as Swanſea. The acquaintance, which was ſo inauſpiciouſly begun, was, thanks to the ghoſt, thus happily terminated; and Smith promiſed that in about a fortnight he would ride over to Swanſea, and

pay them a viſit, to the no ſmall joy of the ladies. Of Mr. Freeman they all ſtood greatly in awe, but Smith was much more agreeable to them. Their reſpect for the former, was like ſome ſavage nations for their Deities; their regard for the other had more of the Roman Catholic for his favourite ſaint.

CHAP

CHAP. V.

Love what we ſee, can from our ſight remove,
And things inviſible are ſeen by Love."

ORLAN. FURI.

ACCORDING to his promiſe Smith rode over to Swanſea, to ſee if Mr. Maiber was recovered from the violent effects of his late fright. He found him none the worſe for his ghoſt's watching, and very willing to joke and defy the ſpectre at a diſtance. The fine ſea and excellent bathing of Swanſea had carried off every trace of his fear, and reſtored both his corporeal and mental powers to their proper tune. The ladies too

looked gay and blooming, and with open arms received our hero.

The morning after his arrival, as he was taking an early walk upon the beach by the ſea ſide, he ſaw, he looked,—it was indeed the charming Miſs Modeley with an elderly lady and a female ſervant. Like another Venus, ſhe was newly riſen from the ſea, and to the faſcinated eye of her lover, appeared, if poſſible, more charming than ever. Smith with joyful anxiety accoſted her, and was introduced to the other lady, as Mrs. Heriot, her aunt. Mrs. Heriot was a widow lady of handſome fortune, her father's ſiſter. Her health had been ſome time on the decline, and her niece had accompanied her to Swanſea, in the hopes that the ſea air and bathing might reſtore it. They had been at Swanſea about a week; Mrs. Heriot had already found benefit, and as ſhe had determined to ſtay ſome time longer, Mr. Modeley was expected in a few days. Mrs. Heriot was a lady of an excellent heart

heart and clear good ſenſe; ſhe never liked the match with Sir Sandy Simeon Swain; and Mr. Modeley, who was fond of his ſiſter, and paid great deference to her opinion, would not have been ſo eager for its taking place, had not the vaſt eſtates been ſettled on thoſe terms. Mrs. Heriot had before heard of our hero, both from her niece and Mr. Modeley himſelf, and ſhe was not at all diſappointed in the expectations ſhe had formed of him. Nor did he appear to leſs diſadvantage than formerly in the eyes of his beloved miſtreſs. The univerſity had greatly poliſhed his natural, engaging, and manly demeanour; and a little of the coxcomb, with which Smith was already tainted, is not at firſt unpleaſant to a female. As our youth was not in the ſame houſe with Mr. Maiber, his viſit was by no means confined to them. Mrs. Heriot was much pleaſed, and very civil to him; he dined with them, and had frequent opportunities of indulging in thoſe inexpreſſible duets, the deliciouſneſs

of which, as lovers alone experience, lovers alone can tell. The famous Duke de la Rochefoucault has ſaid, "If lovers are never weary of each other, it is becauſe they are always talking of themſelves"

This undoubtedly was the converſation of our young pair, their hopes and fears; many a plan and ſcheme for their future lives; and not a little was ſaid in praiſe of the country and a quiet retired life. Smith, with all the ardour of youth, hoped, in a few years, to be provided for in the church; and again and again beſeeched the beloved maiden not haſtily to reſign him, and give her hand to his hated rival. The young lady liſtened attentively to all he had to ſay; ſhe herſelf, indeed, ſaid but little; confeſſed, with down-caſt looks, he was not indifferent to her, and that ſhe would do every thing in her power to prevent the hated nuptials with Sir Sandy. I dedicate the whole of the next chapter to one of theſe rapturous ſcenes, which our hero experienced with his be-

loved

loved miſtreſs on the ever-to-be-remembered ſhores of Swanſea; while the prudent and conſiderate Mrs. Heriot leiſurely walked with the ſervant at a proper diſtance behind.

Miſs Modeley had not yet entered her ſeventeenth year, and the age of one and twenty was the time ſpecified by the will for the young lady and Sir Sandy to give their final determination concerning the match; and the party that refuſed to fulfil the conditions of the will, forfeited the eſtate to the other. Upon mutual agreement the marriage might take place ſooner, and Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy were both eager to have it concluded immediately. Miſs Modeley had always regularly oppoſed it; ſhe had plainly told Sir Sandy he was not agreeable to her, and to her father ſhe did not conceal the ſame, and begged he would at leaſt wait till the time ſpecified by the will. Such was the ſtate of the affair at this period. Sir Sandy conſtantly paying his de-

voirs, and endeavouring to gain the favour of the lady, while all other competitors (for many had ſtarted up, and were appalled) knowing the improbability of the attempt, awfully kept at a diſtance. Smith alone was determined never to reſign the lady; and the very thought of Sir Sandy's ſucceeding, harrowed up his ſoul. In the company of his charming miſtreſs he ſpent a moſt delightful week, which quickly flew away, and he prepared to return to St. Donats. Miſs Modeley's father had been arrived ſome days; Smith, though he was admitted to the houſe, had no longer theſe faſcinating *tete-a-tetes*, or did he think it proper to affect too much of the lover before the father, or to be often at the houſe. He therefore took his leave of Miſs Modeley with leſs regret than he otherwiſe would; conſcious, that if he ſtayed, he ſhould have few opportunities of ſeeing her. The laſt day he dined with Mr. and Mrs. Maiber and Miſs Streit; and greatly pleaſed with his ſhort

ſhort viſit, returned to St Donats in high health and ſpirits.

If the moſt ſincere and ardent effuſions of the devoted lover are neceſſary to complete a hero, the next chapter will ſhow, that our's was by no means deficient in this particular.

AN APOLOGY FOR

CHAP. VI.

Let me not, to the marriage of true minds,
Admit impediments; love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken:
It is the ſtar to every wand'ring bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, tho' roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, and no man ever lov'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.

OH reader! be not indignant while the compiler of theſe papers apologizes to thee for the loſs of this 6th chapter. The greater loſs, indeed, is moſt aſſuredly mine own;

own; for while I doubt not from the ſcraps that are yet legible, that this chapter originally ſurpaſſed the others both before and after; ſo I am pretty certain, from the anxiety with which it has been noticed, this one alone would have immortalized my book.

It was evidently written on the ſubject of love, and plainly appears to have been handled (by thoſe into whoſe hands the manuſcript has unhappily fallen) in a tenfold, I may ſay a hundredfold degree to the reſt. The other chapters are tolerably clear, while this ſhows the undoubted ſoil of human moiſture, ſo deeply engraven on the ſurface, that the writing is totally obſcured. The oily perſpiration of the fingers, the warm graſp of the thumb at the bottom, with its due proportion of grimy dirt, are all ſo legibly marked, that the agitation of the reader, at the moment of peruſal, can no longer be doubted: nay, I could almoſt affirm, but I will not be raſh, that in more than one place, the ſoft impreſſion of the moiſt lips of the lover may be nicely

diſcerned; where the riſing paper, as if pleaſed with the notice taken, yields to the amorous ſuction. Immediately after this place a few lines, ſomewhat to this purpoſe, may be, with ſome difficulty, traced :—

" Such were the words of the enamoured youth, as he breathed the pure, though warm effuſion of his love, into her ſuſceptible breaſt. The glow that animated the cheeks of the lovely maiden, no fooliſh prudery attempted to conceal. Our hero ſaw that the ſubject was not ungrateful; he gently took the fair hand, that ſeemed ready to be taken, from her ſide, and, while an approving ſmile ſanctioned him as he preſſed it to his lips, thus continued; — — — — —." Here again every trace of the meaning is obſcured, though now and then the words— " love, conſtancy, honour, inviolate affection," and ſome others, are juſt viſible. Then the following is more legible :—" Yes, moſt adorable Miſs Modeley, whatever is my fate, wherever chance may throw me, you are the beloved object to which I ſhall ever turn.

turn. Though kingdoms, oceans, and ſkies part us, like the loadſtone to its bias, my affection ſhall not be weakened by diſtance, but ſhall ever be the ſame, as equally fixed, powerful, and invariable. Though Time delays my hopes from day to day, he ſhall find me at every ſeaſon, like the ſteady ſun, certain to its meridian. Though accidents may intervene, and misfortunes for a moment ſhake me, they ſhall be but as the ſtones, thrown into the ſurface of the water, which quickly ſink to the bottom, while the diſturbed element ſoon regains its former brilliancy and ſmoothneſs. Yes, moſt idolized of my ſoul! — — — —." Here again is a miſerable hiatus, and I forbear to try to gain any more; conſcious that the little I have collected is very inferior to the original. In vain, from the few ſcraps that are to be read, did I endeavour to compoſe a chapter, ſomewhat ſimilar to what, I ſuppoſe, this to have been; my heart was unconcerned in the buſineſs, and the cold dictates of the laboured writer little accorded with the

the warm imagination of the original author. Thus, O reader! I have accounted to thee for the omiſſion of this chapter; but invaluable as it ſeems to me, I will not deſpair of ſtill recovering it. I have taken every means in my power to be maſter of the contents. As a concluding effort, the papers are now in the hands of an eminent decypherer of obſcure and obliterated writing, and from the wondrous works with which my friend has already favoured the public, I do not abſolutely deſpair, but that in a ſecond edition, (if ſuch ſhould happily be my lot) I may be able to preſent you with the original in all its native purity and perfection.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Round hoof'd, ſhort jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtrait legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look what a horſe ſhou'd have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Shakeſpeare's deſcription of Adonis's horſe.

THE firſt year of our young hero's reſidence at the Univerſity, was the moſt promiſing a friend or parent could have deſired. He kept up a regular correſpondence with Mr. Freeman; and to make himſelf familiar with the Latin tongue, his letters were written in that language. So well too had

had he conducted his expences, that without the ſmalleſt appearance of parſimony, (the moſt degrading thing in a young man of ſpirit) he had not exceeded his income. The unknown 100l. note had furniſhed his rooms with every neceſſary article, and a well-choſen library of books, while a conſiderable ſum remained. The Chriſtmas and long vacation he ſpent at St. Donats; and his leiſure time he very well employed, by ſtudying the French and Italian tongue. In the beginning of his ſecond year he wrote for the Latin prize, and ſucceeded. Mr. Freeman went to Oxford upon the occaſion to hear him recite it in the Theatre. At the end of this year he received another 100l. note, ſent as the former, with the ſame words. This period might be called the epoch of his declining from his ſtudies. Buoyed up with the praiſes that had been given him, and as if he was ſufficiently ſkilled in literature, he began to court the character of a *bon-vivant*. He very rarely attended the lectures of his tutor; and the college

college exercises he considered no longer as a composition, but as a task, which he hastily hurried over. Not that this remissness began all at once; his natural good sense, and the excellent dictates, he had so frequently heard from his friend Freeman, would, at times, give him a fit of study; but he got tired when the will was wanting, and the baneful love of dissipation daily gained ground in his heart. Mr. Freeman, ever watchful over him, soon perceived this from the tenor of his letters, and he gently and kindly cautioned him. "Your conduct at present, my dear friend, (he would say,) lays the foundation of your future life; you are in the road to do well, but as yet you have gained nothing. But however you act, whatever you do, let the cool and retired moments, when the conscience is uninfluenced by worldly motives, approve and sanction you If your own heart condemns you, you are certainly acting wrong; if your conduct will not bear the nicest reflection and thorough examination, you cannot have acted

acted right. Right and wrong, however diſguiſed, is known to you as well as me; nor need I ſay which of the two a man of honour and a chriſtian will always prefer." In ſuch like hints Mr. Freeman forewarned him. Smith was not, in every reſpect, pleaſed with himſelf, and therefore his letters to Mr. Freeman became leſs and leſs frequent. Without any thing particularly happening, he commenced his third year. After the Chriſtmas vacation, Smith thought proper to keep an horſe by the week, and therefore he was a good deal out of college with Wiffle, Symms, Lord Edward, Sir Harry Valence, and others, who were more able to ſupport expences of that kind than himſelf. The laſt unknown 100l. had cleared him in the Univerſity, and he ſet off again, as if he had thouſands at his diſpoſal.

In one of theſe parties (Sir Harry was not there) they went to a fair, and dined at Abingdon; and having drank very freely, about nine o'clock prepared to return home. Symms was mounted on a high-ſpirited ſtallion; and as they

they came in the morning through Lord Harcourt's park, he ſat off, at a high rate, the ſame road, cloſely followed by Wiffle; Smith galloped after them, to ſay they were going wrong, but the noiſe of his horſe only haſtened their's, and he in vain tried to overtake them. Wiffle and Symms were very much in liquor; the reſt therefore followed them, and ſoon found, by ſome people going from the fair, that they had turned to the right, and totally loſt their road; they all continued in the ſame way, and wandered about for ſome hours, through a number of villages, occaſionally hearing of them. At laſt, a little diſtance from a ſmall hamlet, where all the inhabitants were a bed, they heard a peculiar whiſtle, which they at once knew to be Symms's, coming from the inſide of a pariſh pound. The moon was up; Lord Edward came firſt to the ſpot, the others cloſe behind. "Hollo!" ſaid he, "what, Wiffle and Symms here? well, how are you?" "Fit for market;" anſwered Wiffle; for, like poor people's corn, we have been

been firſt well gleaned, and badly thraſhed out." "I *conclude* then, you have been robbed;" ſaid Lord Edward. "Nay," replied Wiffle, "that was the *beginning* of the buſineſs." "Are you hurt?" To this he made no anſwer. "Why, Wiffle," ſaid Smith, "you look *grave*." "If I go on in this manner," replied he, in a very doleful tone, "I ſhall ſoon be in my *grave*. They have already put me, you ſee, in a clay cold bed." "*Poor* fellow," cried Smith, "you are come to a bad hap at laſt."

"Nay, not ſo *poor*," continued Wiffle, "for according to my friend Joe, if you will give me a ſhilling, I ſhall have got a guinea by the buſineſs."

"How ſo?"

"Why, you ſee I am furniſhed with a *pound* already."

"Well," ſaid the other, toſſing him a ſhilling, (for they were now releaſed) "ſince you have got your guinea, remember, you owe Symms one half. Now with your

your begged wealth and borrowed puns, Wiffle, what can you ſay for yourſelf?"

"Quote half the ſages of Greece for the firſt, and their poets for the laſt. Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripedes, had but one poor pun between them, for which they may all thank the godfather of * *Polynices*. Ariſtotle too recommends them, though he had none of his own. Homer's † *Outis*, I ſhould have been abſolutely aſhamed of; and Terence, Cicero, and Ovid, made the beſt they could."

"Why, Wiffle, you are knowing in the Grecian and Roman hiſtories."

"Yes, rather more ſo *practically* than I wiſh to be with ſome of the followers of Romulus, who ſeem well verſed in every Grecian manœuvre. The ancient Greeks inſtructed my head; the modern ones are inclined to make me uſe my legs."

* "Much quarrelling," the name means. As this young gentleman took good care to verify his name, theſe three very great writers could not reſiſt the opportunity of ſhewing their wit upon the ſubject.

† See Homer's Odyſſey.

"What,

"What, are your horſes ſtolen? Where are they? "Mine," ſaid Wiffle, "was rode away with; but Symms's, according to cuſtom, has carried off his rider."

"Which way?"

"Over the hills and far away."

"This is a croſs circumſtance," ſaid Lord Edward, "how will you get home?"

"*Salus in cruces*," ſaid Wiffle, "there is good luck under the croſs." In this fooliſh and ridiculous manner did he continue to anſwer, when he anſwered at all; but when the queſtion was put to Symms, what kind of fellows had taken away their ſteeds, he anſwered, "I'll *ſhow* you in a moment." Then throwing himſelf into a lounging country attitude, knitting his brows, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, and lolling out his tongue, he began, "there—lie there now—ye ſons of bitches—damme—I've a mind—damme—to give ye a dozer at once, and then we ſhall have no blabbing, damme.—This was a tall ſtooping fellow in a ſmock-frock." Then ſpeaking very quick;

"Come,

"Come, come, come, Jack; damnation, never mind; they've got a good birth of it, and we've cleared the deck.—A little thick fellow in a blue jacket." "A bit of a ſailor, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Smith; "well, we will ſee you ſafe to the public houſe, about a mile off, and then purſue the fugitives." To this Lord Edward and the reſt aſſented. At the public houſe they furniſhed themſelves with different weapons of offence, and ſet off. The purſuers croſſed the hill that Wiffle mentioned. It was now day-light, and they were riding up to a lone houſe to make enquiries, when a fine mare, that Lord Edward rode, whinnied, and was inſtantly anſwered by a horſe at no great diſtance. They all turned to the ſound, and perceived, on the high road, a few hundred yards from them, Symms's well-known ſtallion, and a tall man, in a frock, upon it. Lord Edward's mare repeating her note, the ſtallion leaped furiouſly from the road, and, in defiance of the ſtruggles of the rider, made towards them. There was a bank with a

broad double ditch between them; the horſe leaped upon the bank, and ſeeing the ditch on the other ſide, pauſed a moment, then with a violent exertion, more than twice leaped it. The rider, by the ſudden ſhock, was thrown with great force upon the ground, and before he recovered his legs, Lord Edward and our hero had ſeized him. The ſtallion was eaſily caught. To their enquiries of the fellow, what was become of the other horſe, he at firſt proved ſulky; but being promiſed, if he confeſſed every thing, he ſhould not be proſecuted, he ſaid, "that he had been to the fair, and loſt what money he was poſſeſſed of at the gaming-tables; that his comrade, a ſailor, an old acquaintance, was in the ſame ſituation; that they had agreed together to retrieve their loſſes by robbing any one they could meet with; that hearing ſome horſes coming along, they had hid themſelves in a narrow place in the hedge, and as the horſes ſlackened their pace, going up a ſteep hill, they had eaſily ſtopped them, robbed the riders, tied them in

in the pound, and rode off with their horſes, threatening to return and knock out their brains, if they made the leaſt noiſe. The other horſe," he ſaid, "could not be far behind, for he was certain the ſailor would follow him as faſt as poſſible." To their enquiries, "how he could think of coming back the ſame road?" he anſwered, "that the ſtallion had ran away with the ſailor to the turnpike-gate; that they had changed horſes, and that ambitious of ſhowing his own horſemanſhip, he had violently ſtruck the ſtallion, who had turned ſhort round from the gate, and galloped back with him ſorely againſt his will." Wiffle and Symms had aſcended the hill, and ſeeing what paſſed, joined the party. The other horſe, with the ſailor, ſoon appeared in a full trot, while its rider, totally unuſed to ſuch kind of action, was banging up and down to each motion of the animal, and only by the balance kept himſelf from falling. The moment Wiffle ſaw his horſe coming, and its ungracious rider, he deſired ſome of the party to get

into the road before the horſe; "I'll diſmount the rider," ſaid he, "if you will catch the horſe." He hid himſelf, therefore, in a lane by the ſide of the road, and the moment the ſailor came oppoſite to the lane, Wiffle, very dexterouſly, threw his hat in the animal's face, who gave a ſudden ſtart, and toſſed the aſtoniſhed horſeman into the ditch. The horſe was caught, and its late rider, in a woeful plight, was drawn from his muddy couch, and eaſily ſecured. "You ſee, Smith," ſaid Wiffle, taking hold of his horſe, "a practical explanation of Dr. Gobbo's favourite propoſition, "that the two extremes of the ſame kind produce the means." "This buſineſs began and ended in a wetting; if the firſt loſt, the ſecond has produced the means—of getting my horſe. Since, then, we have the means in our own power, let us alſo conſult concerning theſe extremes;" ridiculouſly alluding to the two fellows, who were in perſon and manners as different as poſſible: a ſhort thickſet ſailor, whoſe every ſentence teemed with

ſome ſea-phraſe; and a tall lubberly country fellow, who had never ſeen the green water in his life. While they were debating how beſt to get rid of their priſoners, according to the promiſe made to the countryman, ſome ſailors appeared on the road. The little fellow offered immediately to engage with them, and after a few minutes' perſuaſion, his companion determined on the ſame, ſhrewdly remarking, "Perhaps, when I get out of my old ways, I may turn out an honeſt fellow at laſt." The gentlemen encouraged them in theſe good intentions, and offered to aſſiſt them in making the beſt terms. The party now came up; it was a lieutenant, who was marching the new levy of ſailors, lately raiſed in the country, to Portſmouth. He was willing to take the two new men, and offered them very advantageous terms, giving half the money on the ſpot. Our hero had been chiefly inſtrumental in perſuading the country fellow to go to ſea; and when they parted, he was much ſurpriſed at the very cordial and even

grateful manner in which ſuch a poor uninſtructed fellow thanked him for his good advice, and ſwore, if he ever returned to England an honeſt man, he would come to Oxford to thank him. Smith did not profeſs any very warm wiſhes for the viſit, but ſhaking him by the hand, ſaid, "Well, my friend, my name is Smith; you will find me at C. C., and let me adviſe you, once more, to make a proper uſe of your courage, and manfully fight againſt the devil; and let no fears ever tempt you to do a bad action." The fellow ſaid he would do his beſt, and the parties ſeparated; though Wiffle could not help remarking, that if the fellow took Smith's advice, he muſt then fight againſt himſelf, for he was certain the devil was in him.

When the gentlemen returned to Oxford, Smith, and the others of his college, were ſummoned before their head, for having miſſed the exerciſes of their college and being abſent all night. They immediately attended, and had not been in the room five minutes, before the door was cavalierly

opened by a gentleman, whom Smith had been acquainted with, and who had taken his B. A. degree about ſix weeks before. This perſon was ſince become a very great man; had been elected a Member of Parliament avowedly to ſupport the miniſterial ſide. Superciliouſly ſmiling on our hero and his friends, he familiarly accoſted the D. and, with affected eaſe, mentioned the unbluſhing honours that he at preſent bore. The Superior, whoſe dignity was naturally offended at the conceit of the man, coolly ſaid, not deigning the leaſt reply to his ſpeech, "Sir, I am aſtoniſhed you ſhould appear, while you are a member of this community, before me, without your academical dreſs; when you come in your proper perſon, I ſhall be willing to hear you." The D. then turned upon his heel, the young men laughed, and the ſelf-approving politician ſneaked out of the room.

The buſineſs with our party was ſoon ſettled; they received a ſevere taſk, as a compoſition, each, and were confined to their

college till it was finiſhed. Theſe puniſhments are not nominal, and the wilfully diſregarding of them would probably end in expulſion. Smith, indeed, was not long in doing his; but it was finiſhed in ſo careleſs a manner, that he only got into greater diſcredit by the exerciſe, and was quite out of favour both with his tutor and the head of his college. In this manner it was, day after day, Smith ſhowed his indifference to his buſineſs, and neglected thoſe duties he fancied himſelf ſuperior to; and thus it is that many a young man, who, early in life diſcovers promiſing abilities, has all his opening bloſſoms overrun by the ſwift growing weeds of ſelf-conceit. Self-conceit (to uſe an old metaphor) is like the ſpecious ivy that twines round the oak, which checks the growth of that excellence to which it owes its ſupport.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

But chiefly Love's the learned gloom that ſhades
Thy offspring, Rhadycina, and thy walls,
Granta! nightly libations there to him
Profuſe are poured, till from the dizzy brain
Triangles, circles, parellelograms,
Moods, tenſes, dialects, and demigods,
And logic and theology are ſwept
By the red deluge.

JOAN OF ARC.

ABOUT this period our hero experienced a mortification of another kind, far more bitter at the moment, far more fatal in the conſequences that followed. Here time, which heals moſt things, was of no ſervice to him; it rankled like a thorn in his ſide, and time only helped to make the wound leſs

curable. One giddy moment of thoughtleſs youth embitters a whole life, as one glorious opportunity, happily ſeized, may be a comfort to the end of it.

Mrs. Heriot and Miſs Modeley, accompanied by the young lady's father and Sir Sandy, arrived at Oxford. Sir Harry was at College, and with our hero eſcorted them around the Univerſity. Mr. Modeley was not uncivil to Smith, and Sir Sandy, he went with the tide. Mrs. Heriot was very glad to ſee him, and Miſs Modeley not leſs ſo. But the affected manners of our youth, ſince their laſt meeting in Wales, forcibly ſtruck Mrs. Heriot; the fair damſel herſelf, when queſtioned upon the ſubject, wiſhed not to ſee it. In the ſhort private conferences the lovers had together, the amiable girl could not help perceiving the ſelf-ſufficiency, which had made ſuch rapid advances in the manners of one ſhe ſo much eſteemed. He evidently adopted too much of the favoured lover, talked a deal of himſelf, his horſes, and his more faſhionable acquaintance.

quaintance. When he attended to Mr. Modeley, he plainly ſhewed it was forced politeneſs, and openly ridiculed and deſpiſed the Baronet. From this weakneſs of our hero, Sir Sandy, who had a deal of art and cunning, truſted he ſhould find an opportunity to inflict a ſevere wound. It was not long before it offered. Sir Harry Valence invited the gentlemen to dinner, and a great many young men, acquaintance of all parties, met them at his rooms. Smith ſat at the bottom of the table, and attempting to make Sir Sandy drunk, he was, of courſe, conſtrained to drink a great many bumpers himſelf. Mr. Modeley being abſent a few minutes, Sir Sandy, who was on his guard, and eaſily knew how to influence the paſſions of his rival, gave Miſs Modeley as a toaſt. Smith jumped up, and filling a large tumbler, ſaid, "If you have the ſpirit of a man, Sir Sandy, pledge me in this." He ſpoke, and drank off the bumper. Flurried with what he had drank before, inſtantly he loſt all caution; and Sir Sandy refuſing

to drink the ſame, he haughtily called him, "a mean ſpirited fellow." The other irritating him by his looks, he continued his epithets, and ſwore he ought to be kicked out of the room. Sir Sandy ſneeringly replied, "I am no drunkard, Mr. Smith, but I hope, I am too much of a gentleman to uſe the language of a blackguard." Smith had his ſenſes ſufficiently to underſtand the application, and ſtaggered towards him. At this moment Mr. Modeley entered, and as the rivals were near the door, he offered to interfere. Smith, puſhing him aſide, urged on. Sir Sandy did and ſaid juſt enough to irritate his opponent. Mr. Modeley caught him by the collar of his coat to detain him. Sir Harry, Lord Edward, and others, made what haſte they could to ſtop the fray, but it was too late. Smith, indignant at being held in ſuch a manner, ſtruck Mr. Modeley violently on the arm, and with the force of the blow and his increaſing intoxication, fell at his length on the floor. The company round lifted him up; he roared like

like a madman, and was forcibly carried away by his friends. Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy immediately returned to their inn, followed by Sir Harry, who tried in vain to apologize for his friend. When they came to the inn, Sir Harry returned back to College; but ſome others, friends of Sir Sandy, ſtaid. Among theſe was Mr. Plauſible, who had ever conſidered our youth with a jealous eye, as likely to be a bar to his preferment; and a ſycophantic wretch of the name of Wireman, one of thoſe characters emphatically known at Oxford by the term of Tuft-hunters: he was a great friend, viz. humble dependant of Sir Sandy Simeon Swain's; had ever hated Smith, who did not attempt to conceal how greatly he deſpiſed him. As ſoon as Mr. Modeley entered the room where his daughter and ſiſter were ſitting, he declared, in no mild terms, what had paſſed, and the others corroborated every word Mr. Modeley uttered. Wireman particularly magnified the atrocity of our indiſcrete youth's behaviour; and Mr.

Plauſible, by pretended excuſes for his conduct, made the affair ten times worſe.

The circumſtance, bad enough in itſelf, was exaggerated to a premeditated deſign to inſult both Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy, and every illiberal epithet was moſt liberally beſtowed on our hero. When the Oxonians had taken their leave, Mr. Modeley inſiſted, that his daughter ſhould write a note to Smith, (as he was her acquaintance) diſmiſſing him for ever. Mrs. Heriot, diſguſted with his newly-aſſumed conceit, and whoſe favourable opinion was already greatly changed, thought it but reaſonable; and the young lady, unable to ſay a word in his defence, and not very well ſatisfied before with his late behaviour, reluctantly took the pen. So agitated was the diſtreſſed damſel, that her fair fingers refuſed the unwelcome office; Mrs. Heriot, therefore, wrote the following, which Miſs Modeley, in part dictated, and, with a heavy heart and trembling hand, ſigned:

"Sir,

" Sir,

" Impreſſed by that gratitude, which is due to you as my deliverer, I ſhould unwillingly ſay, that our acquaintance muſt here end for ever, had you not, contrary to thoſe expreſſions of eſteem with which you have ſo frequently impoſed upon me, dared to ſtrike my beloved father, inſult his friend, and boaſt of the progreſs you had made in my affections. I make no remarks upon the ſubject, but to ſay, that your conduct has totally deſtroyed that favourable opinion I once entertained of you; and I muſt henceforth deſire you to forget there is ſuch a perſon as

" E. MODELEY."

Diſſatisfied with every part of the note, it was nevertheleſs ſent; and Smith received it in the morning. He haſtily roſe, dreſſed himſelf, and flew to the inn. He deſired to ſpeak to Mr. Modeley, but was told, Mr. Modeley had ordered himſelf to be refuſed to him. He then deſired to ſee Sir Sandy, intending

intending to apologize for his behaviour. Sir Sandy anſwered, he wiſhed not for the honour of his acquaintance. He now wrote in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms to Mrs. Heriot, and in the moſt animated to Miſs Modeley; both letters were returned unopened. He addreſſed a ſhort note to Mrs. Heriot, and received this ſhorter anſwer: "Can you ſay, Sir, you did not ſtrike Mr. Modeley? that you did not declare, publicly, before dinner, you would make Sir Sandy drunk? and conceitedly boaſt, before a large party of young men, that you knew Miſs Modeley hated Sir Sandy, and favoured your pretenſions?" All this, Smith's vanity had, at different times uttered, and it had accordingly been re-echoed, not without many remarks and additions, to Mr. Modeley and the ladies. As the youth could not deny the contents of Mrs. Heriot's note, he would have palliated it in his anſwer to that lady, and begged one moment's conference. His anſwer was ſent back opened, and at the

the bottom was written, "Mrs. Heriot deſires Mr. Smith will not trouble her any more, as ſhe muſt beg leave to drop all further acquaintance with him." Smith, in deſpair, returned to his college. He called on Sir Harry Valence, and earneſtly intreated him to uſe his influence. Sir Harry told him the ill ſucceſs of the over-night. Smith begged him to try once more, and, at leaſt, ſtate the truth to his adored Miſs Modeley. Sir Harry went to the inn, and found, to the confuſion of our hero, that Mr. Modeley and his party had departed from Oxford. This was a killing blow to Smith; he had flattered himſelf, all along, with a few minutes' converſation with his amiable miſtreſs, and truſted he ſhould be able to clear himſelf from the heavieſt part of the charge, and by his penitence be reinſtated in her favour. At firſt his rage loſt all bounds; he ordered a chaiſe and four immediately to purſue them, and it was ſome time before Sir Harry could perſuade him of the folly of ſo doing. He then intreated Sir Harry himſelf

himſelf to haſten after them, and ſpeak to them at Farringdon, where he ſuppoſed they were to dine; but till the horſes were returned, they were not certain whether they had taken that road, or the one that leads to Witney. When the drivers returned, our hero found, by enquiry, that Mr. Modeley and his party were going to Southampton by the way of Saliſbury. He had kept his term at College, therefore he ordered his horſe to be ſaddled immediately; and underſtanding they talked of dining at Ambreſbury, he hoped to overtake them at that place, as he knew they would be delayed ſome time in viewing the venerable ruins of Stonehenge. Our hero flattered himſelf, if he could gain one minute's converſation with his fair miſtreſs, that Hope would ſtill ſmile upon him; for the reſt of the party he was too indignant at their diſdain to give himſelf the trouble of a thought. Being well mounted, Smith proceeded at no moderate rate; but with all his haſte it was late in the day before he reached Ambreſbury; and when there, he could

could gain no tidings of the party. By the time he had refreſhed his horſe, the ſable veil of night had covered the horizon; yet the diſtance to Saliſbury was ſo ſmall, he was determined to proceed without delay. His body haraſſed, his mind diſturbed, his thoughts confuſed, his whole ſoul reſtleſs, diſſatisfied, and unhinged, he was neither willing nor ſcarce able to reflect properly upon his conduct and intentions. It was quite dark before he left the inn at Ambreſbury, and it is therefore not at all to be wondered at, that he loſt his way upon the downs. To loſe your way upon Saliſbury Plain, in a dark night, according to the moſt fair arithmetical calculation, is ten to one in favour of the traveller's taking his reſt, (if he chuſes to take any) under the canopy of heaven. Now our hero, not being particularly lucky, when the odds were againſt him, met with no better ſucceſs than any other poor wight; and though no love-entangled young gentleman ever was more impatient, haſty, and violent, he was obliged

to

to ſubmit to his hard deſtiny, and await patiently for the morning. Here might I enter into a fine deſcription of the conflicting paſſions that raged in his breaſt, and expatiate upon the virtues of Saliſbury Plain, which did more to allay their impetuoſity, than all the logic of the Schools, or the claſſics of the Univerſity. Euclid and Ariſtotle, Homer, Horace, and Virgil; nay, even the deep reſearches of a Newton, and the ſolid reaſoning of a Locke, had little availed him; while the cool and dreary downs, in the courſe of a few hours, ſo far humbled his pride, calmed his paſſions, and even ſettled his temper, that he condeſcenced to take up with a reſting-place, both for horſe and man, by the ſheltering ſide of a hay-rick. Here the quadruped had much the advantage of his maſter, whoſe mental aliment was bitter and ungrateful; while the corporeal food, with which the other was ſurrounded, was plentiful, ſweet, and refreſhing. For three long hours the travellers continued at this place, much more to the

amuſement

amuſement of one party than the other; when our hero thought he perceived a glimmering light ſoftly glide along upon the oppoſite brow. Inſtantly he mounted his horſe, and proceeded towards the ſpot in the hopes that he ſhould meet with ſome ſhepherd going to his fold, or ſome hut upon the heath. He climbed up a ſloping ridge, covered with furze; but the light was now gone. He deſcended from his horſe, and liſtened attentively to catch the paſſing ſound. The gloomy darkneſs prevented his ſeeing any object, not a ſtar was viſible; but his ear perceived a diſtant ruſtling among the furze beneath him. Cautiouſly he led his horſe down the ſlope; but the object having cleared the buſhes, was no longer to be heard. Again he was loſt in conjecture which way to proceed, when the light caught his attention, and as inſtantly diſappeared. He came to the ſpot where he had laſt perceived the light, and found a large tree had obſtructed his view. As this is an object not very uſual on the downs, he was in hopes ſome habitation

habitation was not far diſtant. While with watchful eyes and erect ears, he watched if any ſound or noiſe might reach him, he fancied he diſtinguiſhed a diſtant moaning: all his ſenſes were attention; a dreadful howl rouſed him from the ſpot. He had no time to reflect what this might be, before a moſt hideous yell pierced his ears, and inſtantly he flew towards the ſound. The unevenneſs of the ground, the darkneſs of the night, prevented his proceeding very faſt; but a voice, in the moſt piteous and heart-piercing accents, directed him to the place. Groans, ejaculations, and dreadful roarings, completed his horror and aſtoniſhment. As he approached nearer, clearly could he hear—"O Lord! deliver me! Oh ſpare me, ſpare me this time!—Oh the devil, the devil has got me;—help, help me! for God's ſake!—I'd never be ſo wicked again—Oh, Mr. Devil! pray don't ſqueeze me to death!—Have mercy on me this time.—O Lord, if ever—Oh, murder! murder!—help—help—help!" In notes

of

of the utmoſt horror, were ſuch like words, at different intervals, uttered. The unhappy ſufferer ſeemed ſcarcely able to articulate. The voice was ſtifled, and greatly laboured, and a noiſe of ſtruggling accompanied his words, with a confuſed howling. Our hero, who was no more deficient in humanity than he was in courage, felt himſelf greatly ſhocked; and unknowing of what dangers might ſurround him, and without any other arms than a ſmall riding-ſtick, ſtill continued towards the ſpot. He had no ſmall trouble to get his horſe along; the animal was evidently alarmed, when a ſudden ſhriek, unuſually loud, ſtopped all further progreſs. Smith was proceeding alone, his beaſt ſtarting and trembling with the affright, as a light beamed from a broken caſement very near him, and immediately the door of a poor hut opened, and two men came out. Smith ſpoke—the men ſtarted, and were running back; but our hero coming cloſe to the building, called to them that he was a traveller, and had loſt his way, and

was

was brought by the cries of ſome perſon in diſtreſs to that ſpot. Inſtantly as he ſpoke, the cries were repeated, the howling increaſed, and a confuſed grumbling filled up the intervals in the chorus. The ſounds were adjoining to the hut, and the two men carrying the light with our hero, cautiouſly approached the ſpot. The groans and exclamations ſeemed ſtifled. One of the men looking over ſome rough boards, exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! damn the rogue, old brume has got him tight enough." Our hero now clearly perceived a poor wretch firmly locked in the arms of a muzzled bear, who rubbing his head againſt his captive, endeavoured his beſt to give him a friendly ſalutation. The wretch ſtruggled like an Antæus in the graſp of Hercules; his face was black, his eye-balls as if burſting from their ſockets, and his body compreſſed into a waſpiſh ſize. The man who had ſpoken, leaped over the boards into a place which had the appearance of a pig-ſty, and with the aſſiſtance of our hero, who followed him, extricated

extricated the captive from the clutches of the bear; in another part, where ſome hurdles made a diviſion, there was an old ſow and five young pigs, who appeared not a little alarmed at the diſturbance which had taken place. The miſerable wight, being extricated from his perilous ſituation, was ſtill in the moſt piteous caſe. A profuſe diſtillation from every pore and aperture of his body, was evident to the ſenſes of the company. He trembled in every limb; his features were convulſed; his look wild and hagard. After repeated queſtions, he burſt forth, looking fearfully at his auditors—"And am I eſcaped out of his clutches—am I really?—Oh, I thought the devil had hold of me, and was carrying me away to hell," "Oh, Oh," ſaid the man, "you thought the old gentleman had got you faſt, did you, before your time? what, you'll ſteal poor people's pigs, will ye?" Oh Lord!" ſaid the other, "indeed, indeed, I'll never ſteal again!" "No, I believe not," replied the man; "you'll travel, my boy, to Botany Bay, and then,

then, if you don't take care, ſome of the wild gentlemen there will give you another ſqueeze, without that pretty muzzle that mine has got." "But where be the reſt of the young pigs?" ſaid the other man, who was much older than the one that had ſpoken before. The thief, ſomewhat recovered, confeſſed he had ſtolen them, but offered to make every compenſation in his power; and moſt earneſtly begged, as he had ſuffered ſo ſeverely from the bear, that they would give him his liberty. Smith enquired into the particulars of the caſe. The man who appeared the owner of the bear, anſwered him—"Your Honour muſt know as how, that I was a going to Weyhill fair, with this here, my dancing bear, and ſo not being able to get to any ſleeping place to night, and the fair not beginning till to-morrow, I axed this here old man to let I and the bear ſleep in his hut. Now you muſt know, Sir, he has got only one room and a pig-ſty; ſo we parted the ſty, gave my old chum his ſupper, put on his muzzle, and tied him at one

one ſide, and drove the ſow with her five young ones to t'other. Four days ago half the young pigs belonging to the litter were ſtolen, and to night, you ſee, this young jackanapes muſt come for t'others. Well done old Brume, thee haſt put a ſtop to his pig-ſtealing, and the ſhaſt have a good breakfaſt for it." Such was, almoſt verbatim, the explanatory ſpeech of the owner of the bear. The thief had ſuffered very ſeverely, not only from his fright, but from the rough paws and muzzle of the enraged animal. His face was ſmeared with blood, ſome of his teeth were looſened, and his clothes being torn to rags, the impreſſions of the warm hugs in weals, bruiſes, and ſcratches, were evident. At Smith's interceſſion, backed with the powerful argument of two guineas to the old man, as a compenſation for the loſs of his five former pigs, which were very young, and not worth ſo much, the fellow was pardoned; and the maſter of Bruin received alſo half-a-crown

for the thief-catching abilities of his animal. But it was not our hero's intention to turn the culprit again looſe into the world; he doubted the permanent effect of temporary fears; and therefore, as the condition of releaſing him from durance vile, the thief was to be ſent to any regiment our hero ſhould approve of when he came to Saliſbury. Smith was obliged to wait at the hut till the morning to find his horſe, which the day-light diſcovered quietly grazing near the ſpot, though ſomewhat to the annoyance of the bridle and ſaddle; the former of which was broken, and the latter exhibited a few green and brown marks of rolling. The animal being caught, Smith proceeded with the to-be-ſoldier towards the pleaſant city of Sarum. The towering ſpire of the Cathedral pointed out their courſe, and the bear's dancing-maſter ſet off at the ſame time for that well-known fair of tricks and traffic, fun and folly, at Weyhill, a few miles from Andover. Bruin's maſter, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his proſpect, exhibited, in

broad characters, in the front of the ſavage, these words, which he himſelf, in full, clear, and deep-toned notes, repeated:—

"This is the Wonderful Bear,
That caught the thief,
That ſtole the pigs,
That belonged to the man,
That lives in the hut,
That is on the plain,
That's near the road,
That leads to the noble city of Saliſbury."

The addreſs ſucceeded moſt wonderfully; the whole fair flocked to the ſight, and caſh flowed in from all quarters. Fame, indeed, has ſaid, and what will not Fame ſay? that the lucky wight, having gained a fortune by the ſkilities of his capering chum, is now retired, with his bear, from any further toil, and erecting an elegant manſion for himſelf and his ſhaggy friend; that individual building, which is now going forward ſo near the metropolis, and which ſo many lovers of architecture, loſt in aſtoniſhment at its uſe and purport, (which this account explains) ride to view on a Sunday.

I return to our hero, who having executed his commiſſion concerning the pig-ſtealer, to his own as well as the man's ſatisfaction, ſet about his enquiries after Mr. Modeley and his party. But it all proved to no purpoſe; and tired in body, diſtreſſed in mind, he returned to his inn. The perturbation his ſpirits had ſuffered within the laſt eight and forty hours, the violent exerciſe he had taken, together with the wandering all night upon the bleak downs, brought on a fever. The coming ſymptoms Smith totally diſregarded; the conſequence of which was, that it increaſed upon him ſo rapidly, in the night he became light-headed, and a phyſician was ſent for by the people of the houſe. Having loſt all traces of Mr. Modeley and his fair daughter, he was very reluctantly compelled to give over the purſuit, and by the care and attention of his phyſician he was able to return to Oxford in leſs than a week.

His journey, and conſequent illneſs, had given full extent to the conflicting ſtorms that

that raged within his ſoul; and by the time he returned to Oxford, his pride came to his relief, and a kind of ſulky deſpondency took its place. Again he read over the two letters from Miſs Modeley and Mrs. Heriot; and as he was not yet inclined to condemn himſelf of vanity, he began to fancy he had not been very civilly treated. He now began to think that they had purpoſely looked out for this excuſe to break off the connection; and that his fair miſtreſs had not lately been ſo kind as formerly. He fancied it was a concerted ſcheme (which it was in ſome degree), and curſed his own folly for being ſo eaſily made the dupe. Not that he believed, for one moment, that Miſs Modeley joined in the plot, but he concluded ſhe was deceived as well as himſelf. Amidſt all the wildneſs of our youth, his good opinion of Miſs Modeley was never ſhaken. If true love conſiſts in implicitly believing, that the fair object of that love is ſuperior to all others, no man could be

more true than our hero. He knew his adored miſtreſs might be miſled or deceived; but not for a moment would he entertain the idea, that ſhe could willingly act wrong. There was a generous principle implanted in the heart of our hero, never to be miſtruſtful or ſuſpicious, and though the manners of the coxcomb hid many of his excellent qualities, it did not deſtroy them. There is no part of a young man's conduct that is more diſguſting to his common acquaintance, than that ſelf-ſufficiency, which is ſo conſpicuous in the inhabitants of a neighbouring country; and I firmly believe it is this affected eaſe and conſequence (for it is a mixture of both) that makes the *petit-maitre* ſo diſagreeable to John Bull; but among our more intimate acquaintance, when we know the innate virtues of the man, we no longer deſpiſe him on that account; we even laugh at, and ſometimes almoſt admire, theſe trifling airs of the coxcomb. Smith's natural good temper, and diſpoſition ſo excellently improved,

improved, gained him a great many friends; while the manners he had ſo lately adopted, gave him an unpleaſant appearance of pride, that could not fail to offend thoſe, who were but little acquainted with him. Buoyed up by a thoughtleſs ſet around him, in whoſe circle, as he had always been the life and ſpirit, he was conſidered as a little oracle, he began to be more and more indifferent concerning the late unlucky affair. When his paſſions had a little cooled, his vanity induced him to conſider it in a leſs ſerious light; and Wiffle, who had been preſent at the time, laughed it off, and cried "*Amantium*, &c. The quarrels of lovers are a renewal of love." Symms too took off Sir Sandy ſo nicely, that he ſet the whole company in a roar; and his friend Lord Edward was quite enraged with Mr. Modeley for the haughty unforgiving ſpirit he had ſhown; but the unreſtrained temper of Sir Harry, ever on the ſearch for novelty and diſſipation, afforded the grand cordial for his grief. In ſhort, with theſe able adviſers and aſſiſtants,

Smith ſoon drowned his cares, and quietly determined to take the firſt opportunity, and explain the whole buſineſs to Miſs Modeley. He had never been favoured with the friendly acquaintance of the other gentlemen, and he little cared for their kind opinion, provided he could reinſtate himſelf in the good graces of his charming miſtreſs. When he read the letter from Miſs Modeley once more, the moſt difficult charge to overcome was, the having boaſted of her affections; and Mrs. Heriot having ſo pointedly mentioned the ſame thing, he felt the injury his vanity had done him. He ſaw his error plainly, though he ſcarcely liked to own it even to himſelf. At the ſame time he mentally reſolved to be more careful for the future; and, when once more the beloved idol of his ſoul had forgiven him, to be more modeſt and prudent. That he *ſhould be* forgiven he did not like to entertain a doubt; and looking forward to that time with pleaſure, he was in hopes, in the ſpace of the next vacation, to clear up the whole.

whole. Again, therefore, he launched forth into his late bad habits; the exerciſes of his College were now deſpiſed, he was never at home more than was abſolutely neceſſary, and as he was continually ſpoken to for his neglect, abſence, &c. &c., he quite loſt the favour of his ſuperiors. He affected to vie with the moſt expenſive men in the Univerſity, and had, for ſome time, kept a horſe of his own; but as yet he had exceeded, in no degree worth noticing, his income; for his good ſenſe had plainly told him, he had not the means to continue it. His expences were more in ſhow than any real extravagance, and the money he had ſo ſtrangely received, kept him, at preſent, free from debt. But let it not be ſuppoſed, that this young man was corrupted by bad company; every one of his acquaintance had full as much right to throw the charge upon him. Lord Edward was much more moderate in his conduct; Wiffle and Symms were more giddy, than ſyſtematically imprudent; and Sir Harry was rarely at College.

It is not ſo much bad company that is in itſelf the cauſe of a young man's ruin, as that growing depravity of manners, which leads him into thoſe ſocieties where the reſtraints of virtue, morality, and religion, no longer confine him.

When Ambition and Folly are once united, their ſlave becomes ridiculous, contemptible, and loſt. Witneſs the numbers of our young men, who inſtead of being reſpectable citizens (a name any Engliſhman may glory in), are ambitious to ſhine at the Court end of the town, and unneceſſarily exhibiting themſelves in Bond-ſtreet, St. James's, the Lobby, and the Park, loſe that decent character which fortune had aſſigned them, and ſtamp themſelves fools for life.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

He ſees, he likes, and what he likes purſues.
So the ſtaunch hound, amid the tainted dews
Winds his fleet prey.

ORLA. FUR. Book 24.

LORD Edward Cafuſin, who was very fond of hunting, generally joined the fox-hounds, when they threw-off within a few miles of Oxford. One fine morning in the ſpring, he had rode to ſee a bag-fox turned out before the Abingdon harriers. The day was ſo inviting that a great many Oxonians, from the dignified head of the College to the more humble ſcout, joined the party. If, reader, thou haſt ever ſeen the Epping-hunt

on Eaſter-Monday, thou mayeſt readily conceive the nature of this; which, though not ſo numerous, was equally as motley as the other. But, if it has never been thy lot to ſee that annually-exhilerating ſcene of fun and folly; if, unhappily thou art thyſelf no ſportſman, I earneſtly adviſe thee to apply to thy moſt knowing acquaintance in that line, whoſe pleaſure in deſcribing it to thee, will be too great for me to wiſh to anticipate him. The fox was turned out as near Oxford as poſſible, that it might be an inducement to draw more company from thence: for as the half-crowns are collected from each ſpectator before the ſport begins, no inconſiderable ſum is gained, in the courſe of the ſeaſon, to aſſiſt defraying the expences of keeping the hounds. A vaſt number of foot as well as horſe were aſſembled on this occaſion. I forbear to enumerate them, though many of our friends were in the number; as Lord Edward is the hero of the day I purpoſe keeping as near to him as poſſible. Rennard acquitted himſelf in a capital

capital ſtile; he took ſtraight acroſs the country, and croſſed the water boldly, while the number of two-legged purſuers ſufficiently retarded thoſe with four to give any hopes to the old ſportſmen of their ever coming up with him. Lord Edward was mounted on a famous young horſe, and rode, in ſpirit and courage, not inferior to Dick Knight himſelf. If the reader wiſhes to ſee how, I refer him to thoſe excellent prints of that far-famed huntſman, where having tired three horſes, he comes in at the death upon the fore-horſe of a team, that he luckily fell in with on the road. A gentleman, not unknown to fame, and to whom all the Members of the Univerſity are obliged for the amuſements he has afforded them, by his frequent riding of races in Port-Meadow, was alſo with the hounds. Mr. Filmer, a character very unlike my Lord Edward, was (what is commonly called) knowing in every thing that might properly be named ſporting; in the language of Mr. Wiffle, "he was up to all the tricks of grooms and jockies;

jockies; whether common grooms, or groom-porters, whether common jockies, or the jockey club." Filmer was very well acquainted with the country where the fox was to be turned out; he had conſulted the weather-cock before he left the ſtables, and could give a pretty good gueſs which direction the animal would take. He had choſen his horſe for the day's ſport accordingly, and conſidered him the beſt leaper in England. Filmer came into the field with a determination to ſet Lord Edward. The ſcent lay breaſt high; the hounds, in defiance of all obſtacles, as ſoon as they had cleared the foot people, clung to it, and went on at a high rate. The ſteep banks, ſtiff hedges, and deep double ditches, ſoon threw out the greater part of the company. "Now, my Lord," ſaid Filmer, when the hounds began to get a-head, "we ſhall ſoon try your young horſe." Filmer, with his old hunter, road on, ſtraight over every thing. Lord Edward on his high-mettled colt boldly followed, and having received one capital tumble

ble at a double ditch, to the great entertainment of the other who caught his horſe, the animal learnt experience from his misfortune, and being again mounted, became more cautious, and carried his rider in ſafety over every obſtacle. The two gentlemen arrived at the river's brink together. Lord Edward, a little irritated, though not hurt, at his fall, ſaid to his competitor, "Now, Filmer, we ſhall ſee your courage;" and paſſing him at the moment, leapt boldly into the river. The other coolly pulled up his horſe, remarking, that he was not ſo young as that, and as the dogs were puzzling by the ſide of the water, he reſted contented where he was. Lord Edward's horſe ſoon recovered himſelf enough to ſwim to the oppoſite ſhore. His Lordſhip jumped off upon the ground, and with a little aſſiſtance, the horſe got up the bank. He looked round him; none of the dogs had croſſed, nor were they likely. Many of the field were now come up, and as they did not

not chuſe to croſs themſelves, they were not diſpoſed to try the dogs the other ſide, and to let them go off without them. Filmer laughed heartily at his Lordſhip, and hallooed acroſs the river—"Well, my Lord, I hope *you* will kill the fox, for the *dogs* don't chuſe to join you."—His Lordſhip, who was very wet, took it all in good part, and anſwered, "No, I ſhall not try, but make the beſt of my way home, and learn prudence from you another time. You ſee the water has cooled my courage. Good morning, and good ſport to you." His Lordſhip having ſqueezed the wet from his clothes, mounted his horſe, and proceeded homeward at a very good rate. He was about four miles from Oxford on the London road, when a female voice from the other ſide of the hedge, ſuddenly ſtopped him, with the ſimple monoſyllable, "Sir." He perceived a young woman, decently dreſſed, between two men, whom he inſtantly recognized as two of his own College. "I am

ſorry,

ſorry, Sir," ſaid the young lady, "to ſtop you, but you have the appearance of a gentleman, and I hope will releaſe me from the inſults of two perſons, who, whatever may be their appearance, are certainly not gentlemen." His Lordſhip had no need to ſpeak to them, for the others, conſcious they could not defend their behaviour, had already left the fair maid. A countryman coming up at the ſame time, his Lordſhip gave his horſe to the man, and leaped over the hedge to his new acquaintance. To his offer of protecting her home, ſhe replied, "I've not far to go, Sir; to the next village, about half a mile, and will, with many thanks, accept your politeneſs." His Lordſhip offered her his arm, but the young lady modeſtly declined it, and recollecting the water, he did not think proper to preſs it. When they entered the village, ſhe again thanked him for his trouble, and took her leave; not ſo Lord Edward, he was too much captivated by the unknown,

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to leave the ſpot ſo abruptly. He took his horſe from the countryman; he was a long time finding ſome ſilver to give him. "Do you know that young lady, my friend?" "No, Sir, I don't belong to this village." The ſaddle was not ſufficiently tight; the ſtirrups were too ſhort; and he continued, by various delays of this kind, not to mount his horſe till he had perceived the fair maiden turn into a ſmall bricked cottage at the bottom of the ſtreet. Not ſeeing any one to enquire of, and feeling the cold from his wet clothes very troubleſome, he made great haſte home, with a determination to return on the following day.

Lord Edward's acquaintance with the fair ſex had never been among the middle ſtation: he well knew the Lady Bettys, Fannys, Arabellas, Charlottes, and all the honourable Miſſes of the day; nor was he ignorant of the fawning civility which the lower ranks pay to a handſome young nobleman; but the bluſh of modeſt innocence, the eaſy

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and decent politeneſs of a well-informed and ſenſible mind, the unaffected and natural effuſions of the heart were quite novelties to him. No wonder then they ſo forcibly ſtruck his ſoul from the pair of lovely blue eyes which animated the countenance of Mary Roſier. Mary Roſier's father had been the Lieutenant-Colonel of the —— regiment: but an early habit of gaming had ever been his bane. Mary's mother, whom he had married for love, died in child-birth: the infant was put out to nurſe, and afterwards to ſchool. At fifteen her father took her home, becauſe he could no longer afford to pay for her education. His circumſtances were ruined; his Lieutenant-Colonelcy had long been ſold and gone. Upon a trifling annuity of fifty pounds a year he was ſlowly dying in a little village, where he had retired for cheapneſs. The clerk of the pariſh's wife, who lived next door, officiated as a ſervant for a trifling gratuity; but Mary was his comfort, his nurſe, his only delight. The Colonel had, at no period of his life,

been

been a man of any great abilities or fine feeling; but he could not conſider, without concern, the leaving unprotected his duteous daughter. He had long been diſcarded and unnoticed by his noble relations.

The day after the hunt Lord Edward failed not to take his intended ride, and ſlowly he paſſed by the houſe where the fair Mary had entered. All the way he had endeavoured to find ſome excuſe for a call; but uncertain who or what ſhe was, he was as far as ever from the point. A little public houſe at ſome diſtance determined him to put up his horſe, and the church being near, he ſtrolled into the church-yard.

As he was looking over the different grave-ſtones, with his thoughts buſily employed on the things of *this* world, a plain middle-aged man, whom he ſoon found was the clerk, came up to him, and enquired if he wiſhed to ſee the church. "We have a fine monument lately put up, Sir," ſaid he; all the gentle-folk round about come to ſee it." Lord Edward, who wiſhed for an opportunity

nity to converſe with ſome one of the pariſh, accepted the offer. "This, Sir," ſaid the man, pointing to a very ſumptuous monument, "was erected to the memory of one of this pariſh, who, with only five ſhillings in his pocket, went to London to ſeek his fortune. He firſt got into the ſervice of a builder, and at laſt ſucceeded his maſter. About ten years ago he came down to his native place, and bought the eſtate of Lord Lacdacre's, ſituated in this pariſh, for fifty thouſand pounds. He died, Sir, about a year ago, and in his will (to the great diſpleaſure of the family, who are proud), left particular orders for this monument. Here you ſee, Sir, all the tools of his buſineſs, hampers, and hatchets, and ſaws, and gimblets, &c. &c. &c. Here, Sir, you ſee him going up to London, on foot, with a wallet at his back; and there he is again, in a coach and ſix, returning to his native country. He has left ſix ſons and one daughter——." How much longer the clerk's ſpeech would have been, I will not pretend to ſay. Lord Edward

ward was completely tired of the unmeaning ſtory; and catching at the word "daughter," ſaid, with ſeeming indifference, "I ſuppoſe that was the young lady I ſaw going into a brick houſe the other ſide the public-houſe," diſtinctly pointing out the place.—"Ah! no, Sir, that was Miſs Mary Roſier; I dare ſay Miſs Perkins would give half her ten thouſand pounds to be ſo pretty; and ſhe might give all the reſt before ſhe would be half ſo good."—"Who is this Miſs Roſier," ſaid Lord Edward, "of whom you ſpeak ſo highly?"—I can ſcarcely tell you, Sir," replied the clerk, "except that Miſs Mary's father is a Colonel, and I believe he ruined himſelf by gambling; and ſo, being very ill, and very poor, he came to live here next door to me; for my wife lived ſervant where Miſs went to ſchool; and Miſs wrote to us to get them a houſe, and we got them that, it was the old vicarage, for ſix pounds a year." Lord Edward, by his attention to the ſecond tale, made up for his deficiency of the firſt. In ſome degree ſatisfied, he forbore

forbore to aſk any more queſtions for the preſent. He liberally rewarded the clerk for his trouble, and was ſtill irreſolute, and going back to the public-houſe, when he met Miſs Roſier. Her face was crimſoned immediately ſhe ſaw him. He politely addreſſed her; not without a little confuſion on both ſides, ſhe anſwered him; then, ſpeaking to the clerk, ſhe ſaid—" Mr. Bright, my father wiſhes to ſpeak to you." The clerk left the church-yard; the young lady ſlowly followed him. Lord Edward was by her ſide; he felt himſelf pleaſed, yet was at a loſs what to ſay; but determined to improve the preſent moment, he apologized (for what needed no apolgy, but had been her own act) the leaving her at the entrance of the village, and not ſeeing her home on account of his wet clothes. This brought forth enquiries on the part of the lady, that he had caught no cold, and ſuch like civilities.—But it is tireſome enough to hear the ſelf-intereſting converſation of an enamoured youth and

his

his miſtreſs, without the greater drudgery of committing it to paper. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that Lord Edward expreſſed, in the moſt civil manner, his wiſh to cultivate an acquaintance ſo auſpiciouſly began, and underſtanding ſhe had a father, from the clerk, he ſhould be happy to be introduced to him. The Colonel's health prevented him at preſent, and he was about to ſend a polite meſſage by the daughter, when he felt a repugnance to calling himſelf by his title. At the ſame inſtant the fair Mary, wiſhing to find his name, begged to know to whom ſhe was obliged for his civilities yeſterday and to-day? His Lordſhip anſwered, his name was Cafuſin; and Mary Roſier ſoon after ſpeaking to him by the name of Mr. Cafuſin, he begged ſhe would make his compliments to her father, and when he was well enough, he hoped to be introduced to him. This was the very thing his Lordſhip had wiſhed, to be acquainted with the Colonel and his daughter, without the diſtance-keeping title of a Lord. He now took his leave, and with

with a light heart rode back to Oxford. He continued frequently to ride that way, and a few days after was introduced to the Colonel; his daughter having before mentioned the origin of their acquaintance. Without daring to aſk of himſelf the motives of his conduct, he embraced every opportunity to be in the company of Mary Roſier, in whoſe excellent heart he ſoon gained a preference, for which he was neither indebted to his title nor connections. Leaving Lord Edward to the progreſs of his paſſion, I return to our hero, who with abilities to ſhine in any ſtation, was playing the part of a fool and a coxcomb.

CHAP. X.

Fatally fair they are, and in their ſmiles,
The Graces, little loves, and young deſires inhabit:
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are falſe, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they hope for, is variety,
One lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another and another after that,
And the laſt fool is welcome as the former.

ROWE.

THE fourth year of Smith's reſidence at College had now commenced. His preſent ſituation was already independent, and his connections ſeemed to promiſe him every advantage that a young man of a good perſon, temper, and abilities, could deſire. His diſpoſition

diſpoſition was naturally good, and had been improved by the watchful inſpection of Mr. Freeman; but the inſinuating habits of diſſipation had ſo far increaſed upon him, that his conduct to that gentleman was little leſs than ungrateful. The truth was, he was ſo very far from being able to juſtify the whole of his behaviour even to himſelf, that he dreaded the ſcrutinizing eye of ſuch a man as Mr. Freeman. About this time Smith, with ſome others, were noticed by the Proctors for ———. But I cannot enter upon particulars; the papers, indeed, are now before me, but I muſt paſs over the ungrateful taſk of tracing this thoughtleſs young man through the particulars of his more fooliſh (in this inſtance) than flagrant conduct, and ſimply ſay, he had his degree put back for a year; in this one reſpect, following the example of Freeman, Smith was more offended than affected at the circumſtance; and, aſhamed to go to Mr. Freeman in Wales, he ſet off to London with the partners of his diſgrace. Thus, as will al-

ways be the caſe, one fault leads us into another. And I know no one thing that occaſions more miſchief in the world, than that falſe ſhame, ſo common in young minds, and which prevented Smith from retiring to his friend in Wales. Without ſaying a word to the ſuperiors of his College, the youth departed, and took a ready-furniſhed lodging near the Theatres.

He had been about a week in town, when Sir Harry Valence came up to ſpend the winter months with his mother. He inſiſted that Smith ſhould have an apartment at his houſe, as long as he remained in London, and told him he ſhould be greatly obliged to him, if he would ſpend the winter with him. Smith accordingly wrote to Mr. Freeman, that a very unpleaſant buſineſs had occurred, which prevented his going to Oxford for ſome time; that he was at preſent in London, and if Mr. Freeman had no objection, he ſhould accept an offer made him by Sir Harry, and remain at his houſe the whole winter. He received a very friendly anſwer

from Mr. Freeman, who ſlightly mentioned the Oxford affair, and ſaid, he ſhould at all times be happy to ſee him at St. Donats.

The Dowager Lady Valence was very infirm, and ſeldom came out of her own room, except ſometimes to dinner; the young men, therefore, did juſt as they pleaſed, and, unconfined by hours or ceremony, had a very good time of it. Such a companion as Smith was the very thing Sir Harry wiſhed, and together they frequented all the polite and public amuſements of the town. Sir Harry alſo introduced our hero to the houſes of many people of the firſt faſhion, and their time lightly paſſed away, regardleſs of the morrow. Smith gave himſelf no more concern about Oxford than if he had never been there, and ſeemed to have forgotten that he was yet a ſtudent of C. C.

One evening after Chriſtmas, Sir Harry and Smith went together to the play; they had not ſat long in one of the ſide boxes, before two very beautiful women and a gentleman, entered the oppoſite box. Sir Harry, with

marks of great ſurpriſe, looked towards them, and aſked Smith, whoſe eyes were fixed on the ſame objects, if one of them was not a very handſome woman. Smith anſwered in the affirmative, adding, "I ſee you know them." "Yes," replied Sir Harry, "one of them I know very well; we will join them as ſoon as the act is over."

"Who is the lady?"

"Have you never heard of the ci-devant Lady Farley; ſhe is but lately come to England ſince the divorce. I was in her ladyſhip's good graces before ſhe went to Italy, which was about twelve months ago; I don't ſuppoſe ſhe has quite forgotten me."

"Which is her ladyſhip?"

"That on the right hand."

"In my opinion the other is a moſt beautiful creature. I was looking at her all the time."

"I am glad to hear you ſay ſo; our intereſts won't claſh. Come, let us join them." Sir Harry, on entering the box, ſaid, "I hope I have the honour of ſeeing Lady

Lady Farley in health." "Ah! Sir Harry!" replied the fair lady, "is it you? Why, I'm pretty tolerable as times go." "Give me leave," added Sir Harry, "to introduce to you Mr. Smith." "I return your compliment, Sir Harry, Mrs. Cherville." Our young men now ſeated themſelves in the ladies' box, and the perſon, who had attended them into the houſe, and who, in ſhort, was no better than a ſervant out of livery, went home. While Sir Harry was entertaining his old acquaintance, our hero converſed with Mrs. Cherville.

Mrs. Cherville was a likely ſenſible woman, not deficient in ability, but of ſtrong uncontroulable paſſions. She was very young, had eloped a few months before from her huſband with a gay youth, an officer, the ſon of a gentleman of great family and fortune, and flew with him into Italy. But ſhe ſoon found him a ſtupid unpleaſant companion, with a great deal of outſide ſhow; a daſhing fellow, who drove a phæton, kept a ſhowy ſtud of horſes, but with a mind equally as unimproved as

his groom. She quickly determined to leave him, and meeting with Lady Farley, who was coming over to England, ſhe coolly told him of her intention, and left him to take care of himſelf. She knew he would not follow her, as a trial for crim. con. had taken place in their abſence, and he had been caſt in damages of ten thouſand pounds, which his father had abſolutely refuſed to pay, and for which Mrs. Cherville's huſband threatened to arreſt him the moment he came to England. Leaving him, therefore, to ſolace himſelf with ſome other frail fair-one, equally as grateful as herſelf, ſhe took this opportunity of getting rid of him. She was, at preſent, on the look-out for ſome protector, and Smith ſeemed the man that exactly ſuited her taſte. Excluſive of his perſon, which no woman could find fault with, his ready wit and ſometimes keen ſatire, greatly entertained her. At other times his clear and judicious remarks, but above all, his well-timed flattery, inſenſibly ſtole into her heart: in ſhort, by the time the

the play was over, the party were too well pleaſed with one another to think of ſeparating. The young men, with pleaſure accepted Lady Farley's offer to ſupper, and Sir Harry's and her Ladyſhip's carriages conducted them to the houſe. Smith, in raptures with the attractive charms of the fair wanton, ſo forcibly urged his ſuit, that the lady continued not long to play the prude; and our infatuated hero, in the arms of his new flame, ſoon forgot his adored Miſs Modeley.

Few young men, and perhaps not many old ones, can oppoſe temptation; but young and old may eaſily keep out of the way of it. Smith had totally given himſelf up to the deſtructive libertiniſm around him before he became acquainted with Mrs. Cherville; but he had formed no attachment. The caſe was now greatly altered. The inſinuating blandiſhments of that frail fair-one crept into his very ſoul, and without attempting to controul them, he gave himſelf

ſelf up to his licentious paſſions. After Mrs. Cherville had been ſeparated from her huſband, in conſideration of her being the mother of his two children, he had ſettled two hundred a year upon her for life, that neceſſity might not lead her farther aſtray. Mrs. Cherville in no other light regarded money than as the means of indulging herſelf in that courſe of diſſipation to which ſhe ſacrificed every thing. When ſhe had firſt encouraged the youth, ſhe was in hopes, like his friend, he was a man of fortune and expectations, who would be able to ſupport her in her beloved extravagance: but at the time ſhe found the contrary from Smith's own account of himſelf, ſhe was too much involved in the ſnares of her paſſion, too much taken with the youth, and the better pleaſed with his candour, to drop the connection on that account. She was glad alſo to ſhow her diſintereſtedneſs; the flame for our hero burnt ſo bright at preſent, ſhe could even think of love and a cottage; and

the only thing dreaded, was the idea of loſing him. He was the firſt perſon ſhe had ever really liked; ſhe had married her huſband, becauſe the offer was advantageous, and that ſhe might eſcape the controul of her friends, who, knowing the warmth of her diſpoſition, kept a watchful eye; and ſhe had afterwards eloped with the young officer, caught by his outward trammels, and eager to enjoy that diſſipation her prudent huſband reſtrained her from. Sir Harry ſeemed as much taken with his frail one, and few days paſſed in which they were not together.

One evening Smith attended both theſe obliging females to the play; Sir Harry had promiſed to join them at the concluſion, and to go in a party to Ranelagh. Our hero ſat in a front box between the ladies, with the effrontery of a young man, who thinks it adds to his credit to be noticed by two faſhionable impures. The danglers of the play-houſe, from that *veteran* in diſſipation, (though perhaps young) an officer in the guards, to the ſpruce

country beau juſt entered as an apprentice in town, viewed him with envy. In vain did the more daſhing bucks, and more impudent coxcombs, endeavour to force themſelves into the notice of the ladies; perfectly ſatisfied with their preſent attendant, they repelled every addreſs with ſcorn, while Smith, with the triumphant vanity of youth, ſmiled at their ineffectual attempts. The white arm of Mrs. Cherville, lay familiarly on his ſhoulder, and gently tapping him on the cheek, ſhe ſaid, "Look, tell me, do you think that a pretty girl?" With a mixture of exultation and conceit, as conceiving himſelf the general object of envy, he turned his head round, and in an inſtant encountered a pair of eyes, more ſoft, though far brighter, than either of his companions could ſhow; a pair of eyes that glared not with the fiery blaze of impudence, but where modeſty, like a ſoft veil before the ſun, hid their piercing rays. Need I add, their fair miſtreſs was Miſs Modeley, who ſat with Mrs. Heriot, her father, and conſtant attend-

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ant Sir Sandy, in the ſtage-box. The vanity of the youth was cruſhed at the ſight; he anſwered not a word; and if he had carried his head a few inches higher before, it was now doubly depreſſed. A moment or two had ſcarcely paſſed, ſince he had thought his ſituation the moſt enviable in the houſe; now would he have exchanged it for the very loweſt in the one ſhilling gallery. His countenance changed, the words faltered upon his tongue, and his fair companions alarmed, inquired if he was ill. Stammering, he confeſſed a ſudden giddineſs had come over him; and anxiouſly he looked round, in hopes Sir Harry would enter, that he might, under that excuſe, leave them for a while. This was denied him; chained to his preſent ſpot, he faintly looked towards the ever-beloved object; as his eyes met her's, one glance ſhe gave him, which pierced to his very ſoul; then indignantly withdrew them, as if contaminated by the touch. In this diſtreſſed ſituation Smith ſat till the end of the play; nor was the

ſituation

ſituation of the lovely girl much leſs diſtreſſing. Though ſhe had before rejected him, ſhe had never baniſhed all thoughts of him from her breaſt, nor had determined to unite herſelf to another. But the preſent degrading ſcene urged her to be more reſolute. Who his companions were ſhe could not be ignorant, as Mrs. Cherville had lived in the ſame village as her father, and her whole hiſtory was well known to them all. When the play was over, Miſs Modeley complained of fatigue from the heat of the houſe, and begging her father to retire, went home with very unpleaſant thoughts. Alone, in her own chamber, ſhe gave full ſcope to her tears; when they had in ſome degree ſubſided, her reſolution came to her aid, and ſhe calmly prepared to reſign all thoughts of Smith for ever. To accept of Sir Sandy was a hard taſk, but ſhe reſolved, in obedience to the anxious wiſhes of her father, no longer to repulſe him, and ſhe doubted not, in a little time, completely to overcome her former unworthy attachment, and to be prepared

pared to receive him for her huſband. So reaſoned the lovely girl, while her unworthy lover, involved in the labyrinth of a new paſſion, ventured not to truſt his thoughts towards her; and, as the frail veſtal, who has broken her vows, thinks with horror of that heaven ſhe concludes ſhe had forfeited, ſo, when the idea of his ever-beloved Eliza croſſed his mind, he felt a ſhuddering at his heart, that told him his loſs with redoubled force.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Love's comfortable like ſunſhine after rain;
But Luſt's effects is tempeſt after ſun;
Love's gentle ſpring will always freſh remain;
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done:
Love ſurfeits not; Luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; Luſt is of forged lies.

SHAKES. Venus and Adonis.

WHEN the ſpring came on, Mrs. Cherville and our thoughtleſs hero agreed to go to ſome watering-place; Lady Farley was angling with a matrimonial bait for a rich old gudgeon, and Sir Harry was gone into Devonſhire on particular buſineſs. Smith, therefore, had taken lodgings at Margate, and left town at the ſame time as

Sir

Sir Harry. A few weeks of conſtant reſidence with his fair one, had greatly allayed the ardour of our hero's paſſion. He ſtill liked the perſon of the lady very well, but her temper was, at times, very violent, and though ſhe was fond of him to exceſs, ſhe ſhowed a want of principle that he could not at all approve of. Smith immerged in the vortex of diſſipation, yet continually found thoſe ſtrong principles of virtue, which had been early planted in his ſoul, return upon him. He was never, when he reflected one moment, ſatisfied with himſelf; and he would willingly have returned back to the paths he had quitted, but the faſcinating endearments of Mrs. Cherville lulled the Argus of his conſcience, and he had not reſolution enough to rouſe himſelf from his ſtupor.

While the ſimple youth thus reſigned himſelf without a ſtruggle, his noble friend Cafuſin was conducting himſelf with the niceſt honour and virtue. His frequent rides alone had not eſcaped the notice of his acquaintance. His tutor had known them

ſome

ſome time. The very morning before Smith left College to go to town, he breakfaſted alone with his Lordſhip. From a deep reverie, Lord Edward ſuddenly broke his ſilence by exclaiming, "I'll be damned if I do." The devil, at that moment, was tempting his Lordſhip to take advantage of the evident return of his partiality for Mary Roſier, and the poverty of her father, by carrying her off. But his honour was true and genuine; it was neither the ſubſtitute of virtue, nor the cloak of vice; it was neither a defence to pride, nor a dagger to poverty: No, it was the faithful mirror of thoſe virtues, which wanted but occaſion to introduce them to the world. "How eaſy a prey," whiſpered the tempter, "couldſt thou make of Mary Roſier, and an annuity for life would repay her pretended loſs." "I'll be damned if I do!" exclaimed his Lordſhip. Smith ſmiled, and Lord Edward recollecting himſelf, told his friend the particulars of his late attachment, and accounted for the exclamation. To Smith's natural queſtion, "What he meant to do?"

he

he as naturally replied, "he did not know."

"His Grace," ſays Smith, "will never conſent to the match."

"I fear not."

"You will not marry her without?"

"I am a younger ſon, and have not ſixpence independent of my father."

"Neceſſity then ſeems to compel you to break off the connection." How prudently a young man can reaſon in another's ſituation! "You have, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Lord Edward, gravely, "given up all thoughts of Miſs Modeley?" "Your reproof, my dear friend, is very juſt," continued Smith; "but though I loath the phyſic myſelf, may I not offer it to my friend?"

"I find it equally as unpalatable."

"I think Mr. Plauſible knows of your attachment."

"Why ſo?"

"He aſked me yeſterday, as I met him croſſing the quadrangle, if you was in your room; I told him 'no.'—'I ſuppoſe' ſaid he, with his uſual ſmile of knowledge, 'he is taking his evening ride on the London road.'

"I ſhall

"I ſhall have a lecture from his Grace then in a day or two, concerning the family pedigree, and my brother's follies. This meddling Plauſible, I ſhall ſcarcely be civil to him."

"No, give him his due, my Lord; he has behaved very well on the whole. You know he never lectures you himſelf."

"He knows I will not bear it."

"Conſider him as your father's friend."

"His ſpy!"

"Well, as his friend or his ſpy, it is undoubtedly his duty to inform your father of the connection. You, alone, ſee the favourable ſide of it, my Lord; he the ſeeming diſgrace."

"Would Mr. Freeman, do you think, be a tale-carrier to my father?" replied Lord Edward.

"You would perhaps ſuffer Mr. Freeman to ſpeak and adviſe with you on the ſubject. You ſee the difference I am ſure."

"Well, if he tells nothing but the truth, I'll forgive him." "Talk of the Devil," ſaid Smith, "here he comes." Mr. Plauſible had been, by his Grace, appointed tutor

tutor to Lord Edward. He ſoon diſcovered his young pupil's temper, and acted accordingly. His hopes of preferment originated from his Grace; the favour of Lord Edward was but a ſecondary conſideration. He was quite a man of the world, and had no paſſions nor habits that did not yield to the luſt of preferment. He was, in a few words, almoſt in every thing, a contraſt to Mr. Freeman. The young men were ſtanding by the window as they perceived him croſſing the quadrangle; he ſoon entered the room. "I have juſt received a packet from his Grace," ſaid the tutor; "this is for your Lordſhip." Smith was going out of the room; Lord Edward ſtopped him. "Stay, Smith, I'll walk with you preſently; here are no ſecrets from you." Then turning to Mr. Plauſible, "Well, Sir, you have thought proper to inform my father, that—" repeating from the letter, "you have undoubted intelligence I am forming an imprudent connection with a young woman near Oxford.—And pray, Sir, who told you ſo?"

"My

"My authority, my Lord, I wiſh not to divulge. Let me aſk your Lordſhip, if it is true!"

"Suppoſing there was ſome truth in it, what a very reſpectable office you have taken upon you, Mr. Plauſible, of ſpy and informer."

"Much better I think, my Lord, than that of a ſilent pander."

"Pander! Sir,—Miſs Roſier, I would have you to know, is as pure as Virtue herſelf."

"I am happy to hear you ſay ſo. Your Lordſhip is eaſily offended, but I ſhall not attempt an exculpation where there is none neceſſary. If I had courted your Lordſhip's favour, and encouraged you in the connection, regardleſs of the conſequences, I might then have had your Lordſhip's thanks for a little while; but I ſhould have gained the merited reproach of your noble father, and ſought in vain the approbation of mine own heart. I wiſh you a good morning, my Lord."

"I beg one moment, Sir; will you not tell me, who informed you of, what you are pleaſed to call, my imprudent connection?"

"Your

"Your Lordſhip muſt excuſe me; if I repeat any thing that is not true, you ſhall have my author immediately. But ſince I wrote to his Grace, I have heard of your viſits to Miſs Roſier from many gentlemen."

"I beg, Mr. Plauſible, you will not uſe the term, my viſits to Miſs Roſier, it has a very unpleaſant ſound; and when you next write to my father, you may aſſure him I value her honour and character as much as I do my own."

"I write to-day, my Lord, do you really wiſh me to ſay ſo?"

"I do, indeed, Sir."

"I ſhall obey your Lordſhip; good day to you." "And now," ſaid Lord Edward, as ſoon as his tutor was gone, "I'll write to Mr. Freeman." "To Mr. Freeman," ſaid Smith, ſurpriſed, "about what?"

"About Miſs Roſier. The poor Colonel is dying. Mary has no friend. You ſee the delicacy of my ſituation. No one can adviſe me ſo well as Mr. Freeman. I ſhall beg the favour of him to come to Oxford." Lord Edward accordingly wrote. This was his letter:

"My

" My dear Sir,

" The proofs I have already had of your friendſhip, induce me ſtill further to trouble you. Do, my beſt friend, come up to Oxford, and aid me in protecting a lovely young female, whoſe father (a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army) will be, I fear, before you receive this, no more. Excuſe my writing particulars, and you ſhall be acquainted with every circumſtance when I have the pleaſure to ſee you. On this you may rely, that were it not a caſe of the utmoſt honour and reſpectability, Mr. Freeman would be the laſt man I ſhould apply to. My dear girl never knew a relation but the one ſhe muſt ſoon loſe. I have no proper friend among the mad-headed ſet around me; but you I know will come, and be a ſhield to the honour of my Mary. Your preſence is the anſwer deſired by

" Your ever-grateful friend,

" CAFUSIN."

" My father knows my attachment by means of Plauſible, who has refuſed to have any thing to do in the buſineſs."

Mr.

Mr. Freeman, to the great joy of Lord Edward, immediately came to Oxford, about a week after Smith had left the College. The Colonel was alive but inſenſible, and died the next day. Poor Mary, left an orphan, could not but feel her loſs. Her father's relations had all forſaken her; her mother's were not rich, and lived in a diſtant country (for the Colonel had married her mother at Charleſtown, when he was with his regiment in the American war, and ſhe ſurvived the birth of a daughter but a month.) With no one to fly to, or to adviſe with, Mary moſt ſenſibly felt the prudent attention of her lover, in bringing ſuch a man as Mr. Freeman to her protection. Mr. Freeman had a maiden aunt, that lived about 30 miles from Oxford, and he propoſed to Miſs Roſier to reſide with her for the preſent. To this the young mourner gladly conſented, and the day after the funeral of her father, accompanied Mr. Freeman to his relation's. Mr. Freeman thought it proper to inform Miſs Roſier who her lover,

Cafufin, really was, which the modeſty of the youth had prevented his doing himſelf. In the pleaſant and hoſpitable town of Swindon, ſhe was kindly received by Mr. Freeman's relation, and the great civility and attention of the neigbourhood daily leſſened the loſs ſhe had received. But the moſt grateful cordial to her ſoul was the polite and reſpectful attention of her Edward, who, knowing the delicacy of her ſituation, never preſumed to ſee her but in the preſence of Miſs Moreton, Mr. Freeman's relation. Lord Edward, in a week, returned to Oxford, and the ſame day his friend ſet off to St. Donats.

The ſatisfaction which ariſes from an open and upright conduct, is as far ſuperior to all that the gratification of the ſenſes can beſtow, as the ingenious bloom of native innocence ſurpaſſes the florid coſmeticks upon the cheek of a modern belle.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

But where are they,
The worſt of villains, viper-like, who coil
Around the guileleſs female, ſo to ſting
The heart that loves them? "Them," the ſpirit replied—
"A long and dreadful puniſhment awaits.
For when the prey of want and infamy,
Lower and lower ſtill the victim ſinks
Even to the depth of ſhame. Not one lewd word,
One impious imprecation from the lips
Eſcapes, nay, not a thought of evil lurks
In the polluted mind, that does not plead
Before the throne of juſtice, thunder-tongued,
Againſt the foul ſeducer.

JOAN OF ARC, b. 9.

AS ſoon as Mr. Freeman returned into Wales, he called upon the Duke, conſidering it his duty to inform him of what had taken place, for he had before told Lord Edward he ſhould ſo act. His Grace had

already heard of Mr. Freeman's going to Oxford, and for what purpoſe. After Mr. Freeman had been introduced, he thus began.—"I am lately come, your Grace, from Oxford. Lord Edward deſired me to make his reſpects."—"Your viſit was purpoſely, Sir, to my ſon."—"It was, your Grace."—"A ſtrange office, I think, he has choſen for his friend, to take the care of his miſtreſs."—"Your Grace does not uſe miſtreſs in an improper light?"—"I know but one, in which my ſon can form a connection with a poor country girl. I preſume, Mr. Freeman, you don't mean to *marry* them."—"I hope your Grace does not ſuppoſe I would interfere in any connections, in which the motives were not honourable."—"And ſo you really mean, Sir, to encourage my ſon to marry her? A very *friendly* office indeed!"—"I am proud," continued Mr. Freeman, with rather an emphatic aſperity, "in being called Lord Edward Cafuſin's *friend*. I flattered myſelf, your Grace had a better opinion of me, than to ſuppoſe I ſhould

ſhould encourage your ſon in any haſty imprudent connection, and to diſregard the conſent and opinion of his father."—"I have heard, Mr. Freeman, from very good authority, that you had, yourſelf, taken this young woman, ſince the death of her father, to a relation's of your own, and that Edward had viſited her frequently."—"Your Grace has heard very true, except the word *frequently*."—"Then I think, Sir, you have acted with the greateſt imprudence, not to uſe an harſher term."—"As your Grace thus continues to condemn me, without knowing my motives for acting as I have, I ſhall not attempt to intrude any longer upon your time."—Mr. Freeman accordingly made his bow, and was about to depart, when the Duke, recollecting himſelf, apologized from the anxiety he was in about his ſon Edward, and begged Mr. Freeman to relate the particulars. Mr. Freeman proceeded: "When Colonel Roſier was on his death-bed, your ſon wrote me this letter;" and he gave the Duke

the letter, who, having peruſed it, begged Mr. Freeman to continue. "As Lord Edward's friend, I inſtantly obeyed it. Prudence would have taught me to have done the ſame. Coercive meaſures, your Grace, which could not reſtrain a boy at twelve, would but irritate him at twenty. I have no doubt, had I refuſed, that he had, without thought or ſcruple, only waited the young lady's conſent, to have made an immediate marriage."—"You are very right," replied the Duke, "excuſe a father's warmth. Edward is my laſt hope, the ſole prop of my family. Where is this Miſs Roſier?"—"At a reſpectable relation's of mine, your Grace, at Swindon. My Lord Edward attended the lady there with me, and he promiſed me not to leave College again till the vacation. I had no right, your Grace knows, to demand any promiſe of him; his own ſenſe of the propriety induced him to make it."—"Mr. Freeman, I am greatly obliged to you. I ſee you have acted right; I think Plauſible has done ſo too.

too. How would you adviſe me to proceed to put a ſtop to this unpleaſant affair? I cannot think of its going any further."—"Such a ſoul as your ſon Edward's, your Grace muſt have often found cannot be truſted too liberally; you muſt not attempt to reſtrain, and forcibly prevent him."—"Not prevent him!"—"Candidly tell him your Grace's objections; beg of him, at leaſt, to delay all thoughts of matrimony till he is of age. Your intreaties will go further than your commands, and promiſe, on your own part, to provide handſomely and independently for Miſs Roſier."—"Provide for Miſs Roſier, did you ſay, Mr. Freeman?"—"Unleſs Miſs Roſier, your Grace, is out of the reach of poverty and want, Lord Edward will agree to no conditions."—"I will ſend for Edward immediately home, and beg for the preſent you will continue your care of the young lady."—"Your ſon purpoſes paying his reſpects in the courſe of a fortnight; I told him I ſhould wait on your Grace, and he deſired me to ſay ſo."—

" Well, Mr. Freeman, I am greatly obliged to you, and will take your advice in the whole buſineſs."—Let us now return to the hero of my tale.

Mrs. Cherville's natural love of extravagance could unwillingly be confined to a retired ſpot, and ſhe ſighed again for the amuſements of the gay world.

The pecuniary circumſtances of the party too began to fail, and made a ſeparation more neceſſary. At this period Mrs. Cherville received a letter from a friend in Italy, wiſhing her to join her there. This lady was juſt married to a noble fool of vaſt fortune, whom ſhe had met upon his travels, and whom ſhe managed exactly as ſhe pleaſed. Mrs. Cherville mentioned the circumſtance to Smith, and an intention of going over to her friend, and the youth gallantly offered to ſee her ſafe. It was ſettled then, that Smith ſhould accompany her to Turin, and Mrs. Vaſſal's huſband was to meet her there. Smith was induced to leave the kingdom for a little while, from diſpleaſure againſt the

the magiſtrates of the Univerſity, by whom he concluded himſelf ill-treated, and therefore he determined not to return to his College till the year of diſgrace was over. His paſſion for his frail partner, ſo far from increaſing, was diminiſhing very faſt; it wanted ſomething to ſupport it. Vice, under a pleaſing form, may for a time charm away the heart, but it is virtue alone can retain it. Few of the virtues fell to the lot of Mrs. Cherville; few the fair lady thought worth the gathering; yet it was by the aid of one of them, that ſhe held Smith ſo long in her chains. Generoſity was the beſt trait in that lady's character; far from a mercenary diſpoſition, ſhe liked the youth for himſelf alone, and though ſhe knew he was utterly unable to ſupport her in her beloved pleaſures, yet ſhe had rejected many advantageous offers for the ſake of accompanying him to Margate. Smith knew this, and would not be ungrateful. Since it was neceſſary to part, he thought the leaſt he could do was to ſee her ſafe to her friend; and,

though he and the lady had had no particular quarrel, he looked forward to the time with pleaſure, when he ſhould be freed from what he began to think a burden to him. In defiance too of their intended economy, the lady's two hundred a year and his allowance, had not been able to maintain them. Smith had contracted debts in London to the amount of near two hundred pounds: part was for apparel for himſelf and preſents to the lady; ſome for articles of houſekeeping, which, under the idea of cheapneſs, he had had ſent to him at Margate; and no ſmall bill was due to the wine-merchant. How theſe bills were to be paid was another thing, but the different tradeſmen, who had ſeen him with Sir Harry, were ſo very civil, that he had little care on that account.

When he thought of St. Donats, and his worthy friend there, it was quite different. He wiſhed to write to Mr. Freeman, he wiſhed, in ſome degree, to account for his long neglect; for Smith had written but once (when he firſt came to town) to that gentleman

gentleman ſince he came from Oxford. Many a letter, indeed, had he attempted to pen, but as he ſacredly regarded the truth, he had not been able to form one to his mind, and for the few laſt months he had more and more deſpaired, and at laſt given up the intention.

Sir Harry was, at this time, paying his addreſſes to a Miſs Maitland, a moſt elegant and ſenſible young woman, the only daughter of a country Clergyman. Mr. Maitland was the younger branch of a very noble family; and beſides his living, given by his noble relations, he was poſſeſſed of five thouſand pounds to beſtow with his daughter. No great fortune indeed; but Mr. Maitland had married for love, and the laſt thing Sir Harry thought about was money. The young lady did not receive the tenders of her admirer unmoved, and had refuſed many very reſpectable offers on his account. Sir Harry was, at firſt, very anxious to haſten the match, when the ſudden death of Mr. Maitland gave a check

to the affair. The property he had reſerved for his daughter had raſhly been placed in private hands, which he thought unexceptionable, with a gentleman of large landed property, and alſo concerned in a very reputable bank. The great run upon the banks had involved this alſo, by the treachery of a clerk, to whom the buſineſs was truſted. The landed property of the banker was entailed; Miſs Maitland's intended fortune was gone, and Mr. Maitland, whoſe health had long been bad, yielded to the blow, and in a few days expired. A relation of the family immediately informed Sir Harry of the event. The preſent poſſeſſor of the family honours had never noticed Mr. or Miſs Maitland, and Sir Harry's worldly friends had always diſſuaded him from the match. Sir Harry was a man of the world, and though poſſeſſed of a moſt excellent heart and underſtanding, had ſuffered them both to be greatly corrupted by the licentious manners of the age. He had long thought of

gaining

gaining Miſs Maitland for a miſtreſs, but the reſpectability of the father had deterred him. No obſtacle now remained, and certain of the affections of the young lady, he had little doubt of ſucceeding. Not that his love was at all abated for the fair object, but he dreaded the ridicule of the world if he married a portionleſs young woman without family or friends that noticed her. All his ideas of love and happineſs he hoped to realize the ſame if ſhe were his miſtreſs, as his wife; and while his pride forbade his marrying, his vanity was highly gratified at her being his miſtreſs. Every thing honourable (according to modern terms) he propoſed to ſettle; an handſome annuity and ſuch like ſalvos for his conſcience. The moment he heard of Mr. Maitland's death, (the loſs of property he had heard before) he wrote to Miſs Maitland, offering his ſervices, with forced excuſes for not coming himſelf. The letter was ſent by his own ſervant from town expreſs, and encloſed a note to the value of 500l. "Believe me, my dear Miſs Maitland,"

land," ſaid he, " I conſider my property as your's, and as the great unexpected pecuniary loſs may diſtreſs you in money matters, I hope you will not refuſe the encloſed trifle, but permit me to throw myſelf and mine at your feet, happy to be diſpoſed of by the fair miſtreſs of my heart." Miſs Maitland was much hurt at the language of the letter, at his writing and not coming himſelf, and with cold thanks returned the note, informing Sir Harry, that " ſhe had ſtill ſufficient to clear every debt of her father's, and intended, in a few days, to retire to a relation of her mother's in Devonſhire." This relation was in low circumſtances, a mantua-maker in a country town, as her mother had been; and it was this degrading alliance, which had alienated her father from his family. From the wreck of her father's fortune, Miſs Maitland could only collect about 600l.; this a friendly attorney advantageouſly placed in the funds for her, and ſhe immediately ſet off to her aunt's, who kindly

kindly received her. Her intention was to employ herſelf in the ſame buſineſs as her relation, conſcious that her ſmall property was not enough to ſupport her beyond the common neceſſaries of life, and not willing, through a falſe ſet of notions, to live in a ſtate of proud and idle poverty. Sir Harry ſoon followed the lady; ſurpriſed at her conduct, he yet believed, from her preſent ſituation, that few obſtacles would retard his brilliant offers. It was ſome time before Miſs Maitland clearly underſtood him; ſhe ſtill hoped his views were honourable, though his manner of behaving was rather ſuſpicious. But the moment ſhe was conſcious of his intentions, ſhe not only refuſed them with the utmoſt contempt, but with all the ſpirit of offended virtue, diſmiſſed him for ever. She had permitted one interview after ſhe perceived the baſe nature of his propoſals, which he fondly hoped would conclude the affair to his ſatisfaction. How greatly was he ſurpriſed, when he perceived a gentleman

and

and lady, beſides her aunt, in the room, before whom ſhe thus addreſſed him :—"That you *once* had my affections, Sir Harry Valence, I ſtill avow; but your infamous offers have reſtored me to myſelf :—henceforth we meet no more. The time may perhaps come, when you will regret that you have ſacrificed to vice and faſhion the affections of a fond female, inferior to you, I may without vanity ſay, only in fortune. Farewel, Sir Harry! farewel for ever!"—With an agitated, though a determined heart, ſhe ſpoke; the young lady then turned into another room, and gave free vent to her tears. Sir Harry was all aſtoniſhment, and departed without ſaying a word. On the following day he wrote ſimply to intreat her pardon. When the ſervant brought the note, ſhe ordered him into the room, then, taking the note from the man, and unopened, conſigning it to the flames, ſhe ſaid, with calm dignity, "You have ſeen, my friend, what I have now done. Tell your maſter, that every future note he ſhall think proper to trouble me with,

with, I ſhall treat in the ſame manner." Sir Harry next, by the interceſſion of her friends, begged, for a few moments, an audience; ſhe was reſolute in her refuſal. He declared his love was unalterable, condemned again and again his infamous offers, and earneſtly beſought her, through her aunt, to accept his hand. To this ſhe deigned to reply:—

"What, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is marriage a cloak for every failing, a cure for every wound? Is marriage to be the laſt reſort of the libertine, when every other means of ſeduction fails? Will the name of marriage make the huſband virtuous, faithful, and more honourable? Will it atone to the wife for all his faults? Your former propoſals, Sir Harry, have not degraded me, but yourſelf; nor ſhall your preſent ones ſink me down to the level with you. That love, I own I once felt for you, you have changed to contempt; I now conſider you in another light, and deſire you will give up a purſuit,

as

as needleſs to you, as ungrateful to me." Sir Harry, in deſpair, left the place. Conſcious too late of the treaſure he had thrown away, he curſed that depravity of manners which had deprived him of the moſt valuable gift any man can poſſeſs—a virtuous woman.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Oh comfort-killing night! Image of hell,
Dim regiſter, and notary of ſhame!
Black ſtage for tragedies, and murders fell!
Vaſt ſin-concealing chaos! nurſe of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
Grim cave of death! whiſpering conſpirator!
With cloſe-tongued treaſon, and the raviſher!

SHAKESPEARE'S TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

WHEN the period arrived for Mrs. Cherville's departure to her friend in Italy, ſhe ſat off accompanied by Smith.

They ſoon arrived at the place mentioned, and found a ſervant, in expectation of her coming,

coming, with a letter from Mrs. Vaſſal, excuſing her huſband's abſence, on account of a dangerous fever with which he had been ſuddenly attacked. Smith's gallantry would not permit the lady to depart with only a ſervant; and without any objection on the part of his fair traveller, he accompanied her to her friend's reſidence.

When our hero left England, he thought proper, for the convenience of travelling, to aſſume a military appearance; he put a cockade in his hat, a ſmart ſword by his ſide, and his chere amie dignified him with the title of Captain. In caſh too he was very well off, having ſcraped together, for this expedition, the arrears that were due to him from the bounty of his friends, and from his ſtudentſhip.

Mrs. Cherville found her friend in her weeds; Mr. Vaſſal having bidden a final farewell to this life ſoon after the ſervant departed. His ſpouſe had taken ſuch good care, and had ſo managed her ſimple huſband,

band, that he had left every thing in his power to the widowed dame. The ladies thus left without a protector, our hero eaſily ſuffered his politeneſs again to take place of all other intentions; and with the grateful thanks of the widow and demi-widow, he made one of the party to Florence. Here Mrs. Vaſſal was to take poſſeſſion of ſome valuable effects of her huſband's, and intended to return to England in the ſpring.

At the gay city of Florence Mrs. Vaſſal met with ſome old Engliſh acquaintance, who were not ſorry to pay their court to a young and rich widow; nor was the other fair lady in the ſmalleſt degree neglected. In return for theſe civilities, the ladies ſeemed perfectly well pleaſed. Mrs. Vaſſal was in the hopes to fix a young debauchee, heir to one of the firſt titles in the kingdom; and Mrs. Cherville was flattered with her innate love of vanity, diſſipation, and extravagance, and was become moſt heartily ſick of conſtancy. Smith ſoon perceived that his company

pany was not abſolutely neceſſary for the happineſs or protection of the fair ones. His love, not ripened to eſteem, was nipped in the bud, and withered ſo very faſt, there was no moiſture left to ſupply food for jealouſy to feed on: he therefore hinted to the ladies, that his preſence would ſoon be wanted in England, and that he ſhould leave them under their preſent good protection.

Jealouſy is defined, by an excellent anatomiſt of the human mind, to be "more ſelf-love than love of the object." Smith in this inſtance proved it; for his preſent civilities to Mrs. Cherville were ſolely occaſioned by his politeneſs and good-nature, but ſelf-love was totally out of the queſtion, as he no longer felt the leaſt inclination to remain with her, nor did he promote his own pleaſure, and gratify himſelf by ſtaying at Florence: it is no wonder then that he perceived the attention that was paid her with indifference, and was glad to return to England.

In his way back our hero ſtayed at Turin. The diſſipated life he had given himſelf up to, had corrupted his morals, and debaſed the genuine purity of his heart. He felt little inclination at preſent for the company of the fair ſex, yet the inſinuating glance of a fair Italian as he walked along the grand parade, in the cloſe of the evening, drew his attention in a moment. The lady was walking with an elderly female perſon, a ſervant boy following. As Smith ſpoke the Italian language but imperfectly, he addreſſed her in French, and he ſoon found ſhe was a native of that country: his ſuit met with no other checks than what were intended as incitements, and ſhe ſoon informed him that ſhe lived with an Italian nobleman, at an old family manſion without the town. To our hero's warm profeſſions of love, ſhe at laſt agreed that the elderly female perſon by whom ſhe was attended, ſhould meet him an hour hence in the ſtreet of the Holy Croſs, and conduct him to her houſe; ſhe objected to our hero's accompanying her, as it was not yet dark, and ſhe was ſo well known in the

the neighbourhood, that were ſhe to admit a ſtranger in the abſence of the Count, who was at preſent gone to his country ſeat, he would certainly hear of it at his return: beſides, ſhe wiſhed none of her ſervants to know of his viſit, but the old woman before mentioned. To theſe perſuaſive reaſons, (not that he believed a word of them), our hero aſſented. At the time appointed he was met by the old woman in the ſtreet of the Holy Croſs, and was by her conducted to a large houſe in the ſuburbs of the town: he entered, by a lofty gateway, into an old ruinous court, the high walls of which entirely incloſed the houſe; a ſmall lamp which hung over the door, gave him a faint view of the premiſes, where, as the building appeared very ancient and decayed, he ſuppoſed that it had originally been a monaſtery. When Smith had firſt formed the aſſignation, he had believed the lady to be a common courtezan, who had made up a tale to enhance the price of her favours: but he began now to believe the ſtory to be true; and his vanity

nity not a little flattered him in having made ſo eaſy a conqueſt. The old woman brought him ſilently into the houſe, ſhewed him into a large room, and informed him the lady would ſoon wait upon him. Smith looked round the apartment. All was dreary; the walls were high, one ſide was covered with tapeſtry, on which was wretchedly depictured the judgment of Solomon; on the other two or three large pictures were hanging, framed, but old and taſteleſs. At the bottom of the room was a ſofa, with an extenſive canopy over it. The furniture was ſhabby, but had more the appearance of being bruiſed and broken, than worn out by time. Smith's vanity was ſomewhat damped; he felt himſelf very uneaſy; he began to repent his coming, and heartily wiſhed that he were again out of the place. With theſe thoughts, little attuned for love, he threw himſelf upon the ſofa, and took out of his pocket a ſmall Petrarch, which he had lately bought. His diſtempered mind was by no means in uniſon with the glowing fancies of the Poet: in vain

he tried to fix his attention; in vain he laboured to feel and to participate in the warm raptures of this author. Hardly had he read a moment, his imagination confuſed and bewildered, before ſomething wet ſeemed to drop upon his book. With indifference he looked up to ſee from whence it came, when a ſpectacle ſtruck his eye that riveted him to the ſpot. The harrowing ſight for a moment ſuſpended the reſt of his ſenſes. He perceived a wretched object of a murdered man, with his throat divided, hanging over the canopy; dying he had been haſtily thrown on the top, and the agonies of death had writhed him to the front: the blood, dark and clotted, yet oozed from the yawning wound, and ſlowly trickled upon the deep-ſtained floor, while the features, diſtorted with pain, and ſmeared with the gore, formed a hideous contraſt to the black diſhevelled locks and pallid countenance of death.

Smith ſtarted up; a cold chill froze the whole maſs of his blood; he ſnatched his eyes from the ſight, clapped his hand upon his ſword, and

ruſhed

ruſhed into the middle of the room. A confuſion of gloomy ideas crowded upon his mind: with unknown fears he looked around him; the figures in the old tapeſtry caught his attention. The executioner, with the child extended, and the deadly weapon in his hand, ſeemed to look ſternly at *him*. Unuſual horror pierced his ſoul; inſtinctively he ſhuddered; in a moment his reſolution returned, and he walked towards the figures. Again he examined the countenance; but, like the reſt, the eyes now appeared dim and unmeaning. He drew his ſword, and drove it through the ſpot; it met with no obſtacle from the wall, but pierced up to the hilt. Certain of the nature of the houſe he was in, and more particularly of that room, our hero proceeded, with his ſword ſtill drawn, towards the door of his apartment. The door was faſt. Deſperate, he ſeized upon a chair, and lifted it on high to throw it againſt the door, when a ſudden noiſe from behind made him haſtily turn round:—in lifting up the chair it had ſtruck againſt one of the old pictures, which fell to

the ground, and Smith perceived it had been placed as a covering to a concealed aperture in the wall. Cautiouſly he put down the chair, and ſtepping through, found himſelf in another room, the door of which was open. All was dark around, ſave the glimmering light that came from the apartment he had quitted. He paſſed with careful ſteps into a long gallery; he heard voices at the further end; he approached towards it, and liſtened. A voice, like a man's, ſaid in Italian, "He is a ſtout looking fellow, and had a ſword, I ſaw, by his ſide; we had better wait till Sangri, or the reſt come: Flametta ought not to have gone out; ſhe ſhould have ſtaid and amuſed him for half an hour." "There was no need of that," ſaid another, whoſe voice told him it was the old woman, "Flametta is hunting down other game; this is ſafe enough; I defy him to get out." At this moment a loud rapping at the gate ſtopped the converſation; and Smith irreſolute, undetermined how to act, was retreating to the dark room, when he perceived another door open. He firmly graſped

graſped his ſword, determined to fight for his life, though with little hopes of eſcaping. A young female came out with a candle in her hand; ragged and wretched was her appearance, her locks uncombed, her countenance pale and emaciated; ſhe looked fearfully about, and perceiving our hero at the entrance of the room, ſhe ran nimbly forward, and holding her finger to her lips, in token of ſilence, motioned to him to retire into a room adjoining to her own; ſhe followed, and inſtantly faſtened the door with a large bolt. "Have you courage," ſaid ſhe, in broken Italian, "to try to ſave me and yourſelf?" "Yes, willingly," ſaid Smith, in Engliſh, ſtruck by the ſudden queſtion. "Oh!" ſaid the other haſtily, in the ſame language, "my countryman too!—No time is to be loſt: this cloſet is full of arms; by any means break it open." Smith, animated, violently ſtruck the pannel with his foot, and in a few ſeconds ſhattered it to pieces. Daggers, ſwords, and piſtols were hung around. He ſeized on a brace of piſtols, and found they were loaded.

In the mean time the door of this apartment was violently aſſaulted, and they found the gang was returned. At firſt, indeed, the voice of his deceitful charmer had deſired him, in a gentle whiſper, to open; but hearing two perſons in the room, ſhe cried out, "That Engliſh devil has betrayed us!" and immediately the men, who were in waiting at the door, began to force it open. Smith perceiving more piſtols in the cloſet, deſired his companion to hold a brace ready, and fired one of thoſe in his hand ſtraight through the door; immediately ſome one on the other ſide fell, and at the next inſtant the door burſt open. The women ſcreamed, and ran off: a man with a blunderbuſs tumbled headlong into the room, and another ſtooped over him to pick it up. Our hero was at the farther end of the apartment; he loſt not a moment, he fired his ſecond piſtol, and the man who was ſtooping, fell upon his companion; Smith turning round, ſnatched a piſtol from his fair ſecond, and, as he fired a third, the reſt of the gang ran haſtily down the gallery. Our hero

now

now came up to the two men who were extended on the ground; they lay as dead, but his inſtructreſs earneſtly beſought him, before he left the room, to tie their hands behind them, and ſhe ran back to the cloſet to fetch ſome cord for that purpoſe. As Smith was about to take hold on the firſt, the wretch ſuddenly turned round, and was in the act of drawing his dagger, had not the youth felled him with his fiſt. His female aſſiſtant came up with the cord, and Smith faſtened him ſecurely. The other he found was ſhot in the body, but he cautiouſly ſeized him, or wounded as he was, he was ſtill able and willing to have attempted the ſame thing. Smith taking the blunderbuſs, inquired how many more men ſhe had reaſon to ſuppoſe were in the houſe: he was informed the gang conſiſted of five and the boy, but that ſhe was certain neither of the others would venture to attack him openly. They proceeded into the paſſage, Smith bearing the blunderbuſs, and his companion ſome piſtols. They had not proceeded far when the door at the

farther end of the gallery opened, and Flametta, the traitoreſs, herſelf came quietly forward: ſhe began by deſiring our hero to forbear all farther hoſtility, ſwore in the moſt ſacred and ſolemn terms that he ſhould be ſafe, and have the keys to conduct them both out of the place; earneſtly too ſhe entreated him to let them ſuccour their wounded friends. As ſhe was ſpeaking, ſhe gradually walked towards him, and was within a few paces of him, when his country-woman ſuddenly ſpringing forward, ſeized on the arms of Flametta: one hand was at the moment in her breaſt, and had graſped a dagger as his attendant ſo ſeaſonably interpoſed. What would have been the event of the ſtruggle between the females is uncertain; but Smith ſoon wrenched the murderous weapon from Flametta's hand, and with his handkerchief tied them tight behind her. The fellows had begun to ſhew themſelves from the adjoining room, but ſeeing the iſſue, again faſtened the door. Smith took his priſoner into the room where the other two remained, and

faſtened

faſtened her to a chair. He next conſulted with his able aſſiſtant of the beſt means to eſcape from the place. The houſe was ſo full of doors, cloſets, and ſecret places, (ſhe informed him), that it would be with the utmoſt danger they could venture forth that night, but in the morning he might hope for better ſucceſs; they remained, therefore, upon guard all that night in the ſame room. Smith very humanely, with his country-woman's aſſiſtance, ſtaunched the blood which flowed from the wounds of the two villains, and then inquired of the Engliſh girl, who was yet but young, how ſhe came into that ſituation. Her tale was ſhort.

From the early neglect of her parents, and a bad education, ſhe had imbibed but weak notions of religion or morality, and her beauty only helped to haſten her ruin; ſhe was eaſily ſeduced from the paths of virtue, and ſoon became an inhabitant of a common Bagnio in London. Here ſhe met with an Italian who often came to the houſe, and offered to take her away and marry her, if ſhe would accom-

pany him to his native country: ſhe had accepted his offer about a year ago, and he had brought her to this houſe. Too ſoon ſhe perceived the diabolical purpoſe for which ſhe was intended; and unable to prevent it, ſhe was uſed as a decoy to ſeduce the unwary libertine to the ſlaughter. When ſhe firſt came, not being able to ſpeak a word of the language, ſhe had often been compelled to be the innocent cauſe of the deſtruction of many. She had been here about three months; her infamous huſband had periſhed a few weeks before in a broil in the ſtreets, but the ſociety ſtill forced her to remain among them. Whenever ſhe went out, the old woman and one, the moſt reſolute of the gang, as a ſervant, attended her; ſhe was never permitted to ſpeak to any one, but that, as ſoon as her appearance had been noticed by any one, ſhe was taken home, and an aſſignation made by the old woman in her name. She farther informed our hero, that about three week's ago ſhe had tried to caution a young man they were about to enſnare,

and had happily ſucceeded; but that ſhe was inſtantly hurried away, had been ſeverely beaten, and otherwiſe ill uſed; that ſhe was determined from the day ſhe came there to attempt to eſcape the firſt opportunity that offered, and ſave ſome hapleſs youth; this ſhe was in hopes would now ſucceed, if they patiently waited for the day-light: "For I had rather periſh," ſaid ſhe, "than live any longer in this dreadful place, which I have never been out of from the day I ſaved the ſtranger's life, by ſhewing him, as he paſſed me, an handkerchief ſteeped in blood."

CHAP. XIV.

Ah! cruel Love, thou bane of every joy,
Whoſe pains or ſweets alike our peace deſtroy,
Still equal woes from thee mankind endure,
Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure.

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

WHEN the morning came, and the ſun gave its full light, Smith well armed, with his fair companion, cautiouſly proceeded down the ſtairs;—with no little joy they perceived all the doors open, and the houſe deſerted. As ſoon as he had gained the town, he went before a magiſtrate, and related the particulars of the evening, which his female partner corroborated. The magiſtrate ſent the officers of juſtice, who found ſufficient proof

proof to ſatisfy them of the dreadful proceeding of the inhabitants of the place. The murdered body was owned; the two men and the women were committed to priſon, and ſoon after publicly executed. The Engliſh girl was permitted by the magiſtrate to go where ſhe pleaſed; accordingly Smith offered to ſee her ſafe to England, and endeavour to provide her with ſome honeſt livelihood there. She was tall and pleaſing in her perſon, and lively in her manners, but ſo emaciated by the cruelty ſhe had experienced and her confinement, that it was thought neceſſary for her to remain a few days to recover her ſtrength, before ſhe proceeded on her journey. In the courſe of converſation our hero ſoon found that the original name of his fair companion was Smith. "It is my own name," replied he. "I was born in Wiltſhire," continued the lady, "my parents once kept a reſpectable public-houſe on the London road; alas! would they had ſtill continued in the Pariſh of Pitford!" "Pitford was my pariſh," replied our hero warmly, "ſurely you muſt have heard of my ——"

he

he could not ſay *mother*, but added, with a ſigh, "a poor woman who died in childbirth in the houſe?"

"Alas, Sir, ſhe was the innocent cauſe of my wretched education and ruin."

"Good God! how?"

"Indeed ſhe was not ſo poor as you may ſuppoſe."

"Not ſo poor!"

"Money and valuables to a very large amount my parents found upon her perſon; tempted by the prize, they ſecreted it, and impoſed upon the pariſh officers. I was too young to know the particulars. Buoyed up with what they thought inexhauſtible wealth, they left the place, and neglected every kind of buſineſs. My father aſſociated with gamblers of all deſcriptions, and frequented the different races: my mother took to drinking; I was neglected; their great riches fled away, and ruin remained my only portion. What is become of my father I know not; my mother I have reaſon to ſuppoſe is no more; they apprenticed me to a wretch as unprincipled as themſelves; I became

came the victim, and have never ſeen either of them ſince." "What!" replied Smith, "was every thing ſpent, every trinket, every trifle made away with?"

"This little ivory crucifix which I now wear around my neck, I believe is the only thing left, and this would have been long ago diſpoſed of, and I had never worn it, but it is of no value."

"To me it would be of the greateſt value, for know I am the child of the unhappy mother that owned it."

The lady, in her turn, teſtified her ſurpriſe, and inſiſted on our hero's accepting the ivory crucifix; this he willingly complied with, and preſented his companion with a gold one in its ſtead. Smith felt himſelf happy in thus gaining ſome little token of his mother, and it did not leſſen his joy to find that ſhe was not of ſo low a ſtation as he had originally ſuppoſed. He wiſhed to gain ſome clue of the parents of the young woman, but ſhe could give him no intelligence whatever. A few days' reſt wonderfully reſtored the bloom to the fair damſel's cheeks

cheeks, and reanimated her whole frame. They began to prepare for their journey to England, when a circumſtance happened that removed the temptation from our hero, and obliged him to take the voyage alone. The day before they were to depart, his fair companion ſaw from the window of the inn the Italian gentleman whoſe life ſhe had ſaved. She could not reſiſt the temptation of again waving her now ſpotleſs handkerchief: he obeyed the ſignal, and knew her immediately. She thought proper to ſpeak to him, and explained her conduct. He was a nobleman of diſtinction, and out of gratitude, promiſed to provide for her in any means ſhe thought proper, at the ſame time making her an offer of an elegant eſtabliſhment with him, and a ſuitable proviſion in caſe of his death. Accuſtomed to a life of low debauchery, this ſeemed even virtue to it; beſides, ſhe liked the man, and every other ſettlement was uncertain. Our hero had as yet reſiſted every tender of the love-kind; ſhe therefore made no ſcruple to tell him ſhe ſhould remain in Italy under the protection of the Count de Floreni; the

Count

Count behaved as honourable as any man could in affairs of that kind, and Smith took his leave of them, and returned to England.

The ſcenes he had lately witneſſed made a great impreſſion upon his mind: he had ſeen Vice in her native colours, unadorned with thoſe trappings with which he had been accuſtomed to behold her; he now clearly perceived that virtue was ſomething more than a name, and that the ſeries of vices naturally follow one another, and join together, as one link of a chain does to the other. Youth and nature were ſome little excuſe for his firſt attachment to Mrs. Cherville, but a love of idleneſs and diſſipation had continued him, when paſſion was gone, in this ſhameful waſte of his time, his health, and his property: thus had the life of our hero degenerated downwards to the regular ſtandard of common debauchery, and ſo depraved was he become, that he had no ſooner left Mrs. Cherville than he ſhamefully yielded to the temptation of the firſt ſhowy trull that offered. The progreſs of vice is like the ſnow-

ball

ball from the Alpine mountains; though ſmall and ſlow in its onſet, rapidly it increaſes in its ſpeed and ſize, and ſoon overwhelms the helpleſs traveller that firſt beheld it with indifference. Nearly had our hero here fallen the victim of his folly; and had he miſerably periſhed by the hands of bravos, in a common brothel, in his dying moment he muſt have confeſſed that a needleſs wilful debauchery had haſtened his ruin. In his voyage to England he had time to reflect on his paſt miſconduct, and many a good reſolution did he form, many a virtuous and regular ſcheme plan, to ſteer his future life: as the baſis of all, he determined by every ſupplication, by true contrition, and by a ſteady perſeverance in virtue, to recover the affections of his adored Miſs Modeley; next to proſecute his ſtudies, which he had long ſo groſsly neglected, and learn to be more humble to his ſuperiors; in ſhort, he reſolved, after the example of his friend Freeman, to endeavour to conquer his paſſions, and be, like him, the declared enemy of vice, and

friend

friend of virtue, in every form. With theſe good intentions he arrived at his native country, and loſt no time in haſtening to Oxford. His Italian expedition had delayed him ſome months longer than he purpoſed, but he was fixed in his own mind, that this ſhould be the laſt time of his playing the truant. In the mean while a ſcene had paſſed at Oxford of which our hero had very little idea. By the neglect of proper attendance he had forfeited his ſtudentſhip, which had regularly been declared vacant; his name eraſed from the books, and another elected in his room. In vain had his friend, Lord Edward Cafuſin, and his own tutor, repeatedly written to him, and ſent letters, both to Sir Harry Valence's in town, and Mr. Freeman's in Wales. Neither Mr. Freeman nor Sir Harry knew where to find him; the former could give no account, and the latter could only inform them, that he had ſet off to France, and he believed, was gone into Italy. When Smith returned to the Univerſity, and found his name had been eraſed

eraſed from the books, he may have been ſaid, for the firſt time, to have really felt the folly of his former conduct. He found himſelf all at once in a ſituation he thought he had eſcaped. He perceived that he muſt, in ſome degree, be dependant, and he had too well imbibed the high notions of Mr. Freeman on that ſubject, to be eaſy in his own mind. The airy palace of happineſs, which his warm hopes had imagined, was all blown down, and he had again to begin the fabric. But how was he to provide for himſelf—where was he to apply for that purpoſe? Should he enter at another College, and live upon the means remaining from the benevolence of his friends? He could not humble his ſpirit to an inferior ſituation with an inferior income, and he ſaw an hoſt of duns ready to aſſail him the moment he was ſettled in ſuch a ſtate. While his mind thus wavered, totally irreſolute how to act, his more particular acquaintance, Sir Harry Valence and Lord Edward, (the firſt of whom he had written to the moment he came

to

to England, and who came to Oxford for the purpoſe of meeting him) called upon him. He mentioned what had happened, and confeſſed his conduct had been ſo imprudent, he did not like to apply to Mr. Freeman, not even for his advice. "He has ſo conſtantly cautioned me," ſaid Smith, "againſt the very rock on which I have ſplit, that he will have every reaſon to think me a moſt ungrateful and debauched fellow." "What think you of the army," ſaid Sir Harry. "If I had the means of purchaſing into it," replied the other, "I would not heſitate a moment." "You know, Smith," continued Sir Harry, "how my pecuniary affairs are involved; in other matters I have played the fool ten times worſe than yourſelves; but I can certainly get you an Enſigncy or Cornetcy directly, if you chuſe." "This damned buſineſs," ſaid Lord Edward, warmly, "I hope we ſhall ſoon get over, but for the preſent I have 100l. I can eaſily ſpare, and I inſiſt, as an old friend, that you take it." Smith abſolutely refuſed, without

without immediately anſwering to Sir Harry, and Lord Edward replied, "Upon my ſoul, Smith, I ſhall think you a damned proud fellow if you will not take it. Sir Harry I know, by his connections, can get you a Cornetcy, and this will, at leaſt, help to ſet you a going. Now don't refuſe me, Smith; I always conſidered you as a friend, and thought you looked upon me in the ſame light; but if we are only common acquaintance, you are in the right not to receive any favour from me, and the devil himſelf may take the reſt." Smith, who knew the honeſt warmth of his friend, no longer refuſed, and accepted alſo the kind offer of Sir Harry. "The knowledge that I have got two ſuch good friends," ſaid our hero, "makes me leſs regret this unpleaſant buſineſs, as it has proved them to be ſuch; and that excellent man, Mr. Freeman, whom I confeſs I was rather afraid to write to before, will (when I have told him the particulars) ſee that I am not altogether ſo unworthy as he might otherwiſe ſuppoſe." "Upon my

my word, Smith," ſaid Lord Edward, whoſe opinion of Mr. Freeman exceeded all bounds, "he is the beſt fellow breathing, and though he has a heart like a lion, his ſoul is as compaſſionate as a child. I wiſh moſt truly he had been my fa——; nay, nay," continued his Lordſhip, recollecting himſelf, "I have not a word to ſay againſt my father; ever ſince he has known Mr. Freeman, he has always behaved as he ſhould do. Some how or other, Freeman ſet us all to rights." The tears ſtood in our hero's eyes as he heard this artleſs tribute of Lord Edward's to his old friend's praiſe. Mr. Freeman was conſidered by Smith as ſo ſuperior a being to the general race, that he feared (in truth unreaſonably) to own his faults to him without ſome alleviation. Sir Harry told Smith, as he had given up the gown, he would immediately write about the Cornetcy, "and I have no doubt, in a few days, we ſhall hear from the great man; the obligation," continued Sir Harry, as Smith was about to reply, "is very little I aſſure you.

you. At the end of a war that has been ſo fatal to our ſoldiers, there are very few that are inclined to encounter the horrors of a weſtern climate; and in theſe new-raiſed regiments, Smith, I fear the Weſt Indies will be your deſtination." "Of that I will willingly," replied he, "ſtand my chance. I am greatly obliged to your friendſhip, and in the preſent proſpect and ſtate of my affairs, it is my wiſh to leave England, and to enter into ſome active ſcene for a few years—no great matter where." As Smith ſpoke the laſt ſentence, he had the idea of his ſtill beloved Eliza in his mind, and the very little hopes that were left of her ever being his. Diſſipation and the confuſion of his thoughts had, for a time, indeed, diſcarded her, but the remembrance returned with new vigour, when he experienced a calm. Notwithſtanding her abſolute refuſal, and ſtudied indifference, ſhe was as dear to him as ever. He blamed himſelf alone for the poſitive diſmiſſal, and though he had been diſcarded with no expectation

pectation of her future favour, he vainly conſidered, that her not having yet given her hand to another was a favourable hope ſhe might ſtill be his. So the poor victim, worn down with diſeaſes, already half-expired, as his ſoul hovers for its flight, ſwallows the deceitful draught, and vainly fancies he may yet live. Oh Hope! art thou ſo pleaſing as poets and moraliſts ſay? I fear thou art often but a frail bark, that carries the fated mariner further into the ſeas, and as thou falleſt to pieces in the deep, he ſinks to the bottom for ever. Our hapleſs hero found thy weakneſs; hadſt thou ſooner deſerted him, he might have reached the ſhore in ſafety; but borne into the depths, thou failedſt him at laſt, and left him at the mercy of the all-deſtructive waves.

Our hero prepared to go to town about his Cornetcy, when a circumſtance happened that delayed him for a time, and ſhowed his character in a new light. A little after Sir Harry had firſt paid his addreſſes to Miſs Maitland, among many other ſuitors was the

ſon of a country gentleman, who was an intimate acquaintance of her father's. This young man was only twenty, a Lieutenant in the navy, and to all the openneſs that characterizes a ſailor, added an excellent mind well ſtored with modern learning, and rich with every virtue that dignifies the human heart. Miſs Maitland, then engaged to Sir Harry, candidly told him ſo, and, diſappointed in the hopes of the firſt paſſion he had conceived, he went to ſea again immediately. Returning home ſoon after Mr. Maitland's death, and underſtanding the match was off with Sir Harry, he ſoon found Miſs Maitland's reſidence, and with all his former profeſſions of regard, once more offered himſelf. Miſs Maitland was much affected at the nobleneſs of his conduct, but thought proper to refuſe him, aſſuring him, at the ſame time, ſhe was proud of his friendſhip, and that his diſintereſted conduct would be ever engraven on her heart. Sir Harry, when he heard of Clareden's offer, had no doubt, from his own knowledge of the

the female character, that pique alone would induce her to accept him; and Captain Clareden (for he was lately made a Maſter and Commander) ſuppoſed that a lurking affection for the Baronet prevented his wiſhes. It is natural to conclude that theſe gentlemen did not regard each other in any favourable light; and, like the flint and ſteel, they only waited for a meeting to ſtrike fire. Miſs Maitland had very much feared it, from ſome expreſſions unintentionally dropped from the open-hearted ſailor; and ſhe prevailed upon him to promiſe that he would not purpoſely inſult and notice Sir Harry. Clareden had a younger brother at Oxford, and at this time unluckily called upon him. Captain Clareden and Sir Harry had been ſlightly acquainted. Sir Harry paſſed by Darlington's Coffee-houſe as the Captain and Lord Edward, who was an old ſchoolfellow, were lounging out of the window. Clareden, ſtruck on the ſudden by the appearance of his hated rival, could not help exclaming, "There's that damned Baronet!"

Sir Harry turned his head round, ſaw him, and walked into the coffee-room.

"Was that expreſſion, Captain Clareden, meant for me?" "It was not intended for your hearing, Sir Harry," turning from him.

"That is no anſwer, Sir; I thought you beneath a ſubterfuge."

"A ſubterfuge!"

"Yes, when you utter language you are aſhamed to avow." "Aſhamed!" retorted the Captain, turning round, "in truth I am aſhamed of you and your conduct."

"You take a great liberty in troubling yourſelf with me or my affairs."

"I wiſh to forget there's ſuch a being in exiſtence."

"You mean to affront me, Captain Clareden?"

"Exactly, Sir Harry, as you chuſe to take it."

"I cannot be blind in ſo palpable an affair. This is too public a place for any further diſcuſſion; you ſhall hear from me again this evening."

"I am

"I am ready in a moment at *ſuch* a call." As ſoon as Sir Harry left the coffee-houſe, he called on Smith, told him of his intended affair with the Captain, and begged him to accompany him to the field. Smith found his friend determined, and did not refuſe the important office; and as Sir Harry aſſured him their mutual diſlike originated from no trifling cauſe, he told him it could not poſſibly be adjuſted on amicable terms. He next deſired Smith to call upon Captain Clareden, and ſettle the place of their meeting, any time the following week, and at a proper diſtance from Oxford. Our hero had been often in company with Captain Clareden, and was extremely ſorry to hear of the quarrel. He knew the particulars of Sir Harry's addreſſes to Miſs Maitland, and he was informed that Clareden was not an accepted lover. He at once ſaw the ſtrong cauſe of the mutual enmity, and the difficulty of conciliating the parties. Sir Harry conſidered Clareden as a man who intruded on his pretenſions, and who was

likely to take the advantage of his breach with his fair miſtreſs to introduce himſelf with ſucceſs; he, as ſuch, looked upon him with the keen eyes of diſtruſt and jealouſy, and where theſe evils are, revenge is not far diſtant. The late inſult, therefore, rouſed that paſſion which was before dormant, and he had no difficulty to make himſelf believe (what every man, who is going to fight endeavours to do) that *he* was the injured perſon. Clareden, on the other hand, ſaw in Sir Harry, not only a ſucceſsful rival, who had gained the affections of his miſtreſs, but one, who had baſely betrayed that affection, and inſulted her with diſhonourable offers. While Captain Clareden loved Miſs Maitland with all the ardour of the moſt enamoured adorer, his eſteem and reſpect were as pure as for a beloved ſiſter; he therefore viewed the conduct of Sir Harry in the moſt hateful light. Suſpicious alſo that the remains of her former attachment for ſo undeſerving an object was the cauſe of her late refuſal of himſelf, and that Sir Harry

Harry might ſtill, at ſome future period, ſucceed, he could not fail being alſo jealous. He thought, therefore, a quarrel with ſuch a man was no more than what common juſtice demanded, and that the protection of the innocent required it of him. The wiſh of Miſs Maitland (which he believed the remains of her former love) had alone prevented his calling Sir Harry out the moment he heard the circumſtance; but chance had now befriended him, and Sir Harry had met him half way. That ſuch was their opinion of each other Smith clearly ſaw. The beginning of the following week was fixed upon for their meeting; each of the gentlemen ſettled their temporary affairs, and every preparation ſeemed to determine that one or the other muſt fall.

CHAP. XV.

Too many gallant youths have bled,
Too much of Britiſh blood been ſhed,
By Briton's ſword and Honour's frantic laws.
Youths that might elſe have nobly dar'd
More glorious wounds, and dangers ſhar'd,
For Britain's juſt defence, and Virtue's injur'd cauſe.

ON the day appointed, Sir Harry Valence and Captain Clareden met; Smith and Lord Edward attended as ſeconds, with an eminent ſurgeon. The attempts of their mutual friends, at a reconciliation, had been ineffectual, and a more melancholy group cannot poſſibly be conceived. When they came upon the ground, the gentleman of the faculty again took upon himſelf the office

office of mediator; but each, he found, conſidered himſelf as the injured perſon, and his enemy as the aggreſſor. The ground was at laſt meaſured, the piſtols were loaded; and it was agreed they ſhould both fire at the ſame time. Lord Edward, with a ſorrowful countenance, gave the piſtol to Clareden; and Smith, not leſs affected, to Sir Harry. The ſurgeon was to give a ſignal for them to raiſe their piſtols, and to fire. As they ſtood thus oppoſed to one another, ſome thoughts of an hereafter, ſome unpleaſant twinges of conſcience, muſt naturally ſtrike to the moſt pure and undaunted heart. In the impetuous animation of a battle it is not always ſo. The noiſe and the confuſion, the glory, the hope, emulation, and example, will oftentimes drown every ſymptom of fear; but cool and deliberate manſlaughter is far, very far different. While the combatants thus ſtood oppoſed to each other, Smith, motioning to the ſurgeon to retire to a little diſtance, as a laſt attempt, thus ſpoke: "Before you lift up your hands

to do what can never be recalled, let me, once more, as a friend to both, attempt a reconciliation." "We have gone too far to draw back now," ſaid one of the gentlemen; and the other (both ſpeaking impatiently, and at the ſame time) "I cannot ſee the uſe of delaying." "Pardon me," continued our hero, "this is a duty I owe, not only to you, but to my friend Lord Edward, that reſpectable gentleman," pointing to the ſurgeon, "and to myſelf. I beg your attention for a few moments; I ſpeak not in the hated name of a *ſecond*, but in that of a mutual *friend*.—As far as the affair has yet proceeded, you cannot help, in ſome degree, reſpecting each other for cool determined courage, for fair, open, and honourable dealings. How unlike the deliberate duellift, with his hair trigger, ſtudied attitude, and firſt fire! *You* muſt think of each other far better, and I hope, I believe, that this dreadful buſineſs may be concluded without the deſtruction of either of the principals, and the everlaſting regret of the ſurvivor

and ourſelves. Every thing has already taken place between you, except the act of blood itſelf, that is incumbent on men of the niceſt honour; the act itſelf cannot increaſe the credit of either, and no one can doubt, for a moment, your mutual courage and determined will to reſent an inſult, as becomes the cuſtom of this country. You are not exhibiting yourſelves here to become the heroes of a newſpaper; and the converſation that is about to take place between us, is not intended to be pamphleted into the world. Your conduct out of this field ſhall be the only apology for your behaviour in it. Give me leave then to aſk you both a few queſtions, that at leaſt you may no longer have any unjuſt cauſe of ſuſpicion againſt each other, and promiſe to give me a direct anſwer." To this the gentlemen could not refuſe their aſſent. "Will *any* conceſſion and reparation," ſaid Smith, addreſſing himſelf to each of them ſeparate, "ſatisfy you, without the blood of your enemy?" They both ſtrongly replied in

the affirmative. "Sir Harry," continued our hero, "have you not made the moſt full apology, and every reparation in your power to Miſs Maitland for your former imprudent offers?" "Indeed, Mr. Smith," replied Sir Harry, "I cannot anſwer that queſtion."

"Sir Harry, you have both promiſed me; this is all before friends."

"Well, then, I have."

"Can you, or do you, wiſh *to defend that former conduct?*" "To what does your queſtion tend?" replied Sir Harry. "Sir Harry," ſaid Lord Edward, "you have promiſed to anſwer; remember, you anſwer but to your own heart. Whatever is uttered here goes no further, without general conſent." Sir Harry bowed. "I neither can nor wiſh to defend my infamous offers to Miſs Maitland." Then turning to Captain Clareden, Smith ſaid, "Is there any thing more, as an apology, you could poſſibly have required of Sir Harry Valence, Captain Clareden?"

"Certainly

" Certainly not."

" Was you not ignorant before, that Sir Harry had made ſo full a reparation?"

" I was."

" And if you had known his complete deteſtation of his own conduct before you met him at Oxford, would you have ſpoke ſo contemptuouſly of him."

" No. I acted under a miſtake, which I freely own."

" Give me leave to aſk you another queſtion, Captain Clareden—Has Miſs Maitland at all encouraged your addreſſes?" " It is a ſtrange queſtion," replied the other." " Indeed you cannot refuſe to anſwer," ſaid Lord Edward. " She has given me no hopes," ſaid he. " Sir Harry," continued our hero, " has not Miſs Maitland abſolutely refuſed the renewal of your acquaintance, even on the moſt honourable terms?" The Baronet replied, rather indignantly, " Yes." Then ſpeaking to Captain Clareden, our hero proceeded, " Was not the inſult, which was offered Miſs Maitland,

land; the real cauſe that occaſioned you to ſeek this meeting?"

"It was."

"Has not Sir Harry made ſufficient atonement?"

"He has."

"And you are ſatisfied?"

"I am."

"Sir Harry, you have heard Captain Clareden is ſatisfied; you have alſo heard his apology for the words that offended you, that it was through a miſtake—do you admit it?"

"Does Captain Clareden allow and wiſh it to be an apology?" Captain Clareden anſwered, "Yes, he does."

"Sir Harry, are you ſatisfied?"

"I am." "I truſt then," continued our hero, "there can be no neceſſity for your proceeding farther in this buſineſs. Does any cauſe of offence remain to you, Sir Harry?" He anſwered in the negative, and the ſame queſtion being put to Captain Clareden, he returned the ſame anſwer, and inſtantly

inſtantly fired his piſtol in the air. Sir Harry followed his example; and thus, by the ſteady perſeverance of our hero, was their inveterate hatred allayed, their contending paſſions abated, without the bloodſhed of either. The combatants had been addreſſed when they leaſt expected it, and could not help allowing the reaſonableneſs of Smith's arguments; but, though their quarrel was at an end, they had no ſuch inclination for one another's company as to commence great friends all at once. Jealouſy could not fail rankling in both their hearts, though no cauſe remained for contention. The gentlemen all ſhook hands, and parted on the ground. Smith accompanied Sir Harry to town, and Lord Edward the Captain to Portſmouth, where his ſhip was. The character of Smith, from his late conduct, roſe higher in the eſtimation of both his friends, and they were more anxious for his intereſt than ever. Sir Harry was become very much altered; his behaviour to Miſs Maitland, and the loſs of her affections, preyed upon

upon his ſpirits, and he deſpaired of ever regaining her favour. Smith ſoon received a Cornetcy in a new-raiſed regiment, and had notice given him, that the regiment would moſt probably be ſent abroad in a few months, as ſoon as they were inſtructed in their exerciſe. To haſten the buſineſs as much as poſſible, he was ordered immediately to K———. Our youth was, at preſent, at Sir Harry's. The morning before he left London to join his regiment, Sir Harry, with a more animated countenance than he had worn for ſome time, ſurpriſed Smith, by ſaying, "I'm going to the Eaſt Indies."

"Indeed! when?"

"Very ſoon, next week."

"Have you entered into the army?"

"No. I go a volunteer under Lord C——".

"This is a ſudden determination, Sir Harry."

"I have long purpoſed to leave England. I dined yeſterday, you know, in company with his Lordſhip; his expedition was talked about. I wiſhed I was going with him, and, without

without waiting for a reply, offered my ſervices as a volunteer. He was, at firſt, ſurpriſed, and doubted my determination, but the moment he was aſſured, with the polite attention of a man and a ſoldier, he accepted my offer. I ſhall ſee him again this morning." "You are not then," ſaid Smith, "in any regiment?"

"Not at preſent; I am not very partial to a military life, but the war ſtill ſpreading prevents private travelling, and ſurely I cannot better employ the time abſent from my native country than in its defence. Were I to remain in town, Smith, I ſhould ſoon become a miſerable victim to the vices of faſcinating diſſipation. I have already attempted crimes my natural feelings recoil at, my real principles deteſt; and I can only rejoice that the chief was not accompliſhed. Miſs Maitland, let me thank her guardian angel, *is* ſafe; another poor girl, a daughter of a country ſhopkeeper, unhappily apprenticed at a baſe milliner's, has been ruined by

me.

me. I left her, on hearing that Miſs Maitland's father was no more, and in the agitation of my mind, neglected to ſend her any remittance. When I returned to town with you, I went to her lodging, not doubting that ſhe was ſtill there. She was gone, had been ſtripped of her ſmall property for the debt of the lodging, and, almoſt in the hour of labour, turned into the ſtreet by the infamous woman of the houſe. You can tell how reſtleſs I have been ever ſince I came to town; day after day unceaſingly I ſought her; chance at laſt diſcovered her to me, as a beggar, with her poor little boy. I will not relate the miſery that my neglect of her occaſioned. The charity of one, almoſt as poor as herſelf, afforded her a hovel, in which ſhe was delivered of her burden; the ſame charity had given her the common neceſſaries of life for herſelf and infant, and had pointed to her the reſource of begging to prevent a greater evil. Would you have believed it, Smith, that a poor old woman, who

who dragged on a precarious exiſtence by the pickings of the ſtreet, could have afforded this aſſiſtance to another fellow-creature, and even attempted charity to others. Bluſh, grandeur, pomp, and avarice! it was ſo. I have made what reparation I could for poor Fanny. She is gone, as a widow, to live in the country near her friends, and I have ſettled 100l. a year on herſelf and child; I have alſo given the friendly old woman an annuity of 20l. and advanced the firſt quarter. Do you think I have done ſufficient?" "I think," replied Smith, "you have acted very right, much better than ſettling a larger ſum, and more likely to produce happineſs." "Had this unhappy young creature periſhed by my neglect," continued Sir Harry, "I never could have been happy; I ſhould have always conſidered myſelf as a murderer. The manners of the world cannot ſo deceive me, as to make me appear to myſelf innocent, when I feel I am guilty." "My dear friend,"

friend," ſaid our hero, "my principles fully accord with your own. Every one, who does an injury to another, is nevertheleſs as complete a villian, whether the laws reach him or not; and I firmly believe, that the man, who ſeduces an unhappy female, and leaves her a victim to vice and miſery, is not leſs guilty, than if he had finiſhed the cruel deed by ſtabbing her to the heart. Had he committed the laſt, he might have hurt his *own* feelings more, but he had probably ſpared *her's*; he had prevented the progreſs of immorality; he had ſevered the chain of vice. The deſtruction of a fellow-creature may be perpetrated without the immediate concluſion of the life; and I declare, Sir Harry, I ſhould, I think, feel leſs remorſe, (bad and dreadful as the ſuppoſition is), in having raſhly ſlain a fellow-creature, than I ſhould in being conſcious of a cool and determined plot that ended in her ruin. A poor young woman, ſeduced from her original ſtation in life, may glitter and

dazzle

dazzle for a while; the evil that afterwards follows the original author is willing to transfer to others; and when the unhappy girl is at laſt, by a regular gradation, by the natural conſequence of her firſt introduction to vice, hurried to the gulf of wordly miſery, he can calmly blame her own folly and imprudence. Yes, *he* may blame, her, and excuſe himſelf; he is at preſent his own judge, but let him not even think of a future tribunal, leſt the very thought ſhould deſtroy the few ſhort moments that yet remain to him of his deluſion, before the ſtern Avenger of the helpleſs and innocent ſhall call him to his account." "The deſtruction of this young woman, I truſt, I have prevented in time," ſaid Sir Harry. "Oh! Smith, what a dangerous pre-eminence is birth and fortune. We are deceived from our cradle, and never hear a truth unleſs it is pleaſing. My education has been my bane; this faſcinating city has completed the deluſion. I am determined

to

to tear myſelf from it, and if ever, my friend, we meet again in my native country, you ſhall find I am not ſo deficient in what, with ſhame I confeſs, I have ever neglected—the pure principles of virtue, morality, and religion." With theſe good ſentiments and reſolutions, the friends parted, and Smith, the ſame day, joined his regiment at K——. As the firſt act of contrition, our hero wrote a very long and excellent letter to Mr. Freeman. He fully and clearly told his conduct, and the deſerved, though ungrateful, conſequences which had followed. He declared, that the chief thing that had prevented his writing, was the fear of incroaching too far on thoſe friends, whoſe liberality he had made ſo ill a uſe of. He confeſſed alſo to Mr. Freeman, that his debts, both at Oxford and in London, far exceeded his preſent means of paying, but that he was getting a full ſtatement of them before he left England, and he hoped, by economy, and by the utmoſt care and attention

in

in his affairs, to be able to ſettle every thing by the time that he returned. Such were the heads of his letter, and with a determination to put his good reſolutions in practice, he remained fixed at his quarters, and totally employed himſelf in attending to his military duty. Mr. Freeman immediately anſwered his letter in the moſt kind and friendly manner; he informed him that his friend Major Grey was married, but did not yet talk of returning to England. The reſt of the letter was of no material conſequence to this hiſtory, though highly gratifying to our hero. Smith received many invitations from his London acquaintance; but he reſiſted the temptation, and for the firſt two months he did not leave the vicinity of the regiment, or ſleep from his quarters one night. By ſuch regular diſcipline he perfected himſelf in the art militant, and had been of ſuch uſe in getting the common men fit for ſervice, that a Lieutenancy, which was vacant, was offered him on very advantageous terms. He was to pay a ſmall ſum annually from his

his pay, till he procured the principal, that made the difference of his Cornetcy. Our hero joyfully accepted the offer, and as the Captain of the troop had leave of abſence to viſit his friends at a diſtance, before he went abroad, the command reſted upon Smith. This early preferment redoubled the ardour of our hero, and ſo orderly were his men, and under ſuch regular good diſcipline, that he received the thanks of all the inhabitants for his conduct. About this time a trifling circumſtance happened, which, as it had nothing to do with the general hiſtory of the youth, I ſhall omit at preſent, as it will be more properly mentioned in the deſcription of a man, with whom Smith ſoon after got acquainted. Sir Harry Valence was now on his voyage to the Eaſt Indies, and Lord Edward Cafuſin was ſoon expected from Ireland, where he had been to viſit ſome eſtates of the Duke's in that Kingdom.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

It may be doubted, with good reaſon, whether there ever was, in a nation, a more abject, ſlaviſh, and bigoted generation than the tribe of *Beaux Eſprits*, at preſent ſo prevalent in this iſland. Their pretenſions to be Free-livers, are no other than Rakes have to be Free-thinkers, and Savages to be Freemen.

No. 234. SPECTATOR.

IN this ſtation Smith remained till his Captain returned; he then aſked for leave of abſence, and went to town for a week to prepare proper apparel and other neceſſaries before he went abroad. He alſo received a letter from Wiffle, that Symms and himſelf were in town, and wiſhed much to ſee him. He found them at their former houſe, the

New Hummums, and at dinner they introduced to him the new acquaintance mentioned in the laſt chapter, Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon.

This gentleman was tall, and rather large in his perſon, particularly a head ſo round, that a turnip, well ſcraped and rouged, would be no bad emblem. His hair had been originally very light, but he had thought proper to commence crop, and, as a crop is nothing without a black head of hair, it was dyed black. He had well rubbed the ſides of his face with onions to get him a pair of whiſkers; it had ſucceeded, but, unhappily, the whiſkers came up a dingy yellow. As his eyebrows ſtill retained their natural colour, his curly black head had moſt the appearance of being covered with a wig. His plump round countenance too appeared ſo fat and puerile, that no ſtranger of any ſenſibility could look in his face without a ſmile. Marmaduke was one of the younger ſons of a country gentleman of family and fortune in the North of England,

and

and who had been for many Parliaments a Member for the County. The family was very large, eight daughters and ſix ſons; as ſuch, Marmaduke had reaſon to think himſelf handſomely provided for on the death of his father, with a fortune of eight thouſand pounds, the portion of each of the younger children. His friends had placed him with an eminent attorney, but, proud of his independence, he could bear no reſtraint or confinement, and before two years had paſſed, he contrived to get releaſed from his articles. He next, therefore, took lodgings in the Temple, under pretence of ſtudying the law as a barriſter. The greateſt misfortune that could have happened to Marmaduke was, that in his younger years, he ſhewed more vivacity and pertneſs than generally fell to the lot of his other brothers and ſiſters. The family were never noticed for their wiſdom, and they miſtook the abilities of Marmaduke, and cried him up as a miracle of ſenſe. This young gentleman, upon the credit of his early knowledge,

was always very tenacious of his own opinion; would never liſten to any advice, and was, by this time (his 21ſt year) become a moſt curious compound of eccentricity and folly. He was, what he himſelf called, a violent aſſertor of the cauſe of freedom, in other words, a democrat upon the French ſcale. Without any ſettled principle or rule of action, he pretended to diſbelieve every thing, religious or moral, that did not ſuit his own turn. In ſhort, what with the jumble of law terms, political cant, London phraſes, pieces of orations heard at the ſpouting clubs and other public meetings, with gleanings from the playhouſe, and extracts from the pamphlets of the day, his language was a complete mixture of abſurdity, impudence, and folly. He had never read ten pages, in any one book, ſince he came from ſchool, yet he was anxious for the character of a ſcholar; and without being able to ſpeak on the ſame ſubject for two minutes, he oftentimes attempted the orator, eſpecially among thoſe he conſidered as his inferiors.

riors. At preſent his eight thouſand pounds were about half gone, and the hopeful youth was neither improved in law nor learning, more than when he firſt came from the attorney's.

This genius Smith frequently met with Wiffle and Symms, and one evening he prevailed upon our hero to attend with him the lectures of a famous Anti-Anglo-politician. The rage of our hero was ſcarcely reſtrained as he heard the moſt illiberal invectives againſt the laws of his country; while the ſemblance of Roman or Grecian juriſprudence concealed the lurking inſinuation, and was made uſe of as a cloak for the orator. After the lecture, another of the ſame ſtamp, with the utmoſt judgment, taſte, and feeling, read a few pages from a modern publication written in the form of a novel, but purpoſely to condemn the civil and criminal laws of Great Britain. Marmaduke was wonderfully pleaſed with the laſt, as being more ſuited to his comprehenſion, and, as they returned to the tavern, eagerly aſked Smith's opinion of the ſubject.

He replied, that the characters were unnatural, that there were none ſuch in common life, and that the circumſtances recorded in the tale, were not only improbable, but could never happen in the common courſe of things. "Don't you know," ſaid the other, "that a great man in this country may at any time oppreſs his tenants, ſervants, or dependants, and, by dint of money and intereſt, take away all hopes of redreſs? "No," replied Smith, "I only know that men, without good principles, whether rich or poor, may elude, pervert, and abuſe the very beſt laws, and ſometimes with impunity; but no man can directly or indirectly trample on another, without being at all times liable to be puniſhed. The thief may ſteal, the highwayman may rob, and ſtand their chance of detection, in the ſame manner as the wicked wretch in power may injure his poor neighbour, and run the riſk of his revenge. I'll give you an inſtance," rejoined our youth, "that came but the other day under my own notice—I am quartered, with

with my party, not many miles from London; the Captain was abſent, and the command devolved upon me. As I was exerciſing the troop on a common near the high road, one of the ſoldiers' horſes, a new one, violent and high-ſpirited, that, from a hurt in his leg, had not been rode for ſome days, hearing a huntſman's halloo, broke from the ranks, and, regardleſs of every impediment, ruſhed towards the ſound. The man, a very good rider, was ſome time before he could ſtop him, and in the interim he had paſſed two ladies and their ſervants on the public road. The ladies were much frightened, but not the leaſt accident happened. As the man returned by the ladies, he civilly took off his cap, and then joined the ranks. The ſame evening I received a meſſage from Lady Upſcot, one of the perſons he had paſſed, to attend her at ——, a place about eight miles from my quarters. The letter alſo contained violent invectives againſt the man. I anſwered her Ladyſhip in the moſt civil manner, that I could not

poſſibly wait upon her, but I was extremely ſorry ſhe had been frightened, and I would enquire into the particulars of the caſe, and, if the man had behaved, in the leaſt, wrong, he ſhould certainly be puniſhed. Lady Upſcot's huſband, you know, is one of the firſt men in the kingdom, and, as a miniſter, his power is as exceſſive as any ſubject's. Her Ladyſhip was doubly enraged at my not attending her ſummons, and upon hearing the man was not puniſhed; for I at once perceived, from others he met on the road, that he was free from any blame. She therefore ſo ſtated the buſineſs to my Lord, ſo influenced his paſſions, that he applied to the War Miniſter to have the man ſeverely puniſhed. I received an order to attend the Miniſter, who intimated to me his Lordſhip's pleaſure. His Lordſhip alſo thought proper to write to me upon the ſubject. I replied to the War Miniſter, that if he thought proper to call a court-martial, the affair might be publicly inveſtigated, but that I ſhould do no ſuch thing, as I could

prove

prove the man was totally innocent. In reply to his Lordſhip's letter, I ſaid, that upon enquiry, ſo far from puniſhing the man, I would, in every reſpect, protect him; and that if his Lordſhip again made uſe of his undue influence in the buſineſs, to the mutual prejudice of myſelf and the ſoldier, I would at once make the affair as public as poſſible, and leave his Lordſhip's character to anſwer for the conſequence. Well, Sir, ſo ended the buſineſs; I have not heard another word of the matter, and am well aſſured I never ſhall." Mr. Marmaduke was not ſatisfied; he never was when he began with a contrary opinion; he therefore contended, till they had reached the tavern, that ſervants and dependants were moſt ſhamefully neglected and oppreſſed by the Engliſh laws. Symms and Wiffle, and ſome others, met them at ſupper. The eccentricity of Marmaduke's character amuſed them very much, and as he freely drank his wine, he became ſtill more ridiculous.

Marmaduke knew, by ſight, moſt of the daſhing characters about town; he could call every faſhionable demirep by her name; and had made himſelf maſter of the chriſtian name of half the noblemen in London. All theſe he indiſcriminately talked about, and as he told ſome barefaced lie, plainly proved it was ſo in the very next ſentence.

"I dined in company with his Grace of Caſtledown the other day."

"His Grace! he has been abroad theſe two years."

"Poh! I mean his brother, Lord John, a fine young man; I know him intimately."

"His Grace has no brother; he has an uncle Lord John, but he is ſo infirm, he ſeldom goes from home."

"Well, never mind, I hate all your ariſtocratical party, I mean ſome of the family."

"Unluckily, Marmaduke, this is the moſt democratical family in the kingdom." So well informed was this promiſing youth, the

the advocate of liberty, the reformer of the religion and laws of his country!

Soon afterwards Marmaduke took it in his head to abuſe the Bible, and, from a few pages he had read, in a faſhionable novel, made ſure of his mark. "It is a very indecent and indelicate book," ſaid he, "unfit for the peruſal of young and chaſte minds." "I believe, my dear friend," ſaid Wiffle, with a dry look, "You know as much of the Bible, as you do of any other book." "Now, Wiffle," ſaid Marmaduke, "you always doubt my learning; but I can prove that the Bible is very indecent." "Mr. Marmaduke," ſaid Smith, "do you love truth?" "Undoubtedly. Truth is—truth is—" "Univerſally the language of the Bible," added Smith, "and by the fidelity of tranſlators, many indelicate expreſſions are neceſſarily preſerved, which time, cuſtom, and manners warranted in the original; yet I defy you to find one paſſage, Mr. Marmaduke, one ſentiment, that will raiſe an un-

chaſte paſſion, or encourage immorality. But thouſands of books are written, and the very one you have borrowed your idea from is an inſtance, without the leaſt indelicate word, the ſentiments of which are fit only to be read in a brothel: nay, the moſt indecent book that ever was written in the Engliſh language, is famous for the purity of the words, as not one is ſaid to be found in the whole book, that may be ranked under the term obſcene." Marmaduke was quite aſtoniſhed at this laſt remark, and determined, if poſſible, to remember it on ſome other occaſion; but Wiffle would not let him off ſo eaſily. "Marmaduke," ſaid he, "as you are ſo learned in the Bible, give us a critique, my good fellow." His opponent indignantly replied, "How came Joſhua and the moon to ſtand ſtill?" Smith and the reſt burſt into a violent laugh, but Wiffle, keeping his countenance, calmly replied, "Oh! Marmaduke, Marmaduke, if you had read the chapter before, you would have

have ſeen the reaſon at once; don't you remember how Joſhua travelled to the moon?" "Yes," replied the hopeful Pendragon, ſharply, "to be ſure I have read it, but I don't believe a word of the matter." The laugh was now ten times louder. The critic thought the laugh was at his wit, and began joining in it, when Wiffle, whoſe itch for punning could no longer be reſtrained, dropped all his gravity, and laying his hand on the other's jolly broad pate, and ſhaking it gently, like a Mandarine's head, exclaimed—

Mar is thy name, friend,
And Mar thy nature,
Marry thou art a moſt
Marvellous creature.

The company re-echoed the laugh at Mr. Marmaduke's droll figure, who was ſo aſtoniſhed he knew not whether he ought to be angry; but, as there was no grain of heroiſm in his compoſition, he thought he had better not, ſo quietly let the reſt laugh their

their fill. When it had pretty well ſubſided; Symms, with ſeeming ſimplicity, begged of Mr. Marmaduke, as a favour, to repeat ſome of that ſpeech he had *intended* to make at Coachmaker's-Hall. Marmaduke had, at his chambers, ſpouted away to Symms, whom he conſidered as little better than a fool, this ſpeech which was to have been ſpoken; Symms, with his nice talent of mimicing, had caught all the laboured action of the other, and remembered great part of the ſpeech. Marmaduke, conſcious he ſhould expoſe himſelf in the preſent company, declined it, alledging it was ſo long ſince that he had quite forgot it. Symms profeſſed himſelf ſo highly pleaſed with it, he had thought of nothing elſe, and retained great part in his memory, and if Mr. Marmaduke had no objection, he would try a little, though certain he could never do it juſtice. Marmaduke, flattered at the notice taken of it, did not object, and Symms began, borrowing at the ſame time the hat of the future barriſter,

ter, an enormous cocked one, bought on purpoſe for the lobby and Ranelagh. Symms firſt walked a little about the room to catch the air and manners of Marmaduke, then getting rather behind the other, he began. You might have ſworn, at the commencement of the ſpeech, that Marmaduke himſelf had ſpoken, but in a few ſentences the caricature grew ſo ſtrong, that the applauſe of the company put a ſtop to the performance; and Smith fell into ſuch paroxyſms of laughter, that he abſolutely dropped off his chair. Marmaduke, who did not ſee the action, was the only one unmoved, and cared little about it, except that it was over. Young Pendragon was ſo complete a coxcomb, ſo affected, ſo conceited, ſo ſelf-opinionated, that he was the moſt proper object in the world for a ſubject of ridicule; he was of that ſpecies of vain coxcombs, that your feelings were never hurt at ſeeing him ridiculed. Every man who knew him, knew he deſerved it, and it was only occaſional ſal-

lies of this kind which kept his impudence within any bounds I'll give you, reader, a ſhort ſpecimen of this cool impudence of his; you may judge of the reſt by the ſample:

When Marmaduke Pendragon, Eſq. firſt daſhed upon the town, the youth thought proper to keep his phaeton; it happened that he dined at a public meeting, where was a nobleman diſtinguiſhed for his rank and abilities, but whom he had never ſeen before. The cloth was ſcarce removed, when his Grace caſually mentioned that he purpoſed going to Richmond on the morrow, but had not determined how. "I go there myſelf, my Lord Duke," exclaimed the hopeful boy, joining in the converſation; "and ſhall be extremely happy to drive you in my phaeton." It is unneceſſary to add, his Lordſhip looked ſurpriſed, and declined the offer.—So much for the modeſty and diffidence of Marmaduke.

The next morning as Smith and the others were at breakfaſt in the coffee-room, an hackney-

hackney-coach drew up, and Marmaduke, with an handkerchief to his face, came out;—as the room was filled with company, he deſired to ſpeak to Smith in another room; then taking the handkerchief away, he diſcloſed a very formidable black eye. Smith enquiring the cauſe, he ſaid that his ſervant was from home when he returned, and with the key of his chambers; that he ſought him at the porter houſe, and, finding him much in liquor and very ſaucy, had been tempted to ſtrike him with his cane. The blow had been returned with intereſt; and not only ſo, but he had been ſummoned before a magiſtrate, this morning, for ſtriking his ſervant, and wiſhed Smith and Wiffle would accompany him. Smith and Wiffle readily agreed. "I am not at all afraid," added Marmaduke, "of the iſſue; for the fellow, I know, has not got a ſixpence." Smith only anſwered him with a ſmile, and they ſoon arrived at Bow-ſtreet. Two hackney coachmen were ready to ſwear to the aſſault, and beſides,

beſides, alledged that Marmaduke Pendragon had attempted to draw a knife, which, but for their interference, had certainly taken place, and dreadful conſequences might have happened. The black eye which our ſtudent of law exhibited, they ſwore Mr. Marmaduke had given to himſelf, by ruſhing againſt the door. Poor Pendragon confeſſed that the men had interfered, but poſitively denied any idea of a knife, and declared he had received a violent blow from his man, whom he owned he had ſlightly ſtruck with a ſmall cane. This was ſufficient for the magiſtrate, who told him, he doubted not his ſtory might be true; but as he had no evidence, and two appeared againſt him, he ſhould be obliged to commit him to priſon unleſs he produced proper bail. Smith and Wiffle offered, but were refuſed, not being houſekeepers. Marmaduke, therefore, remained in cuſtody, while Smith went for two of the family tradeſmen, who came and bailed him. The magiſtrate civilly

wiſhed

wiſhed to ſettle the buſineſs without bringing it into court, but the fellows, who had agreed to ſhare the ſpoil, had before determined upon their plan. An attorney had taken up the buſineſs, and introduced them to an eminent counſel. They ſtated to him the caſe, and he willingly undertook it on the terms of receiving, with the attorney, one moiety of the damages.

Thus, for the preſent, reſted the buſineſs, and Marmaduke had leiſure to reflect, that a maſter could not ſtrike his ſervant without his being able to get a chance of revenge, even if he had not a ſixpence in his pocket. What the end would be was not yet known: Mr. Marmaduke Pendragon, according to his notion of the Engliſh laws, looked out for a cunning attorney; determined, in his own caſe, not to overlook the advantage of being a greater man than his adverſary. The attorney gave him every hope of ſucceſs, and two able counſel were immediately engaged. "Damn it," ſaid young Pendragon,

"I did

"I did not think the fellow could do ſo much. This curſed buſineſs, I dare ſay, will coſt me 50l. but as for the fellow he will be ruined, that's poz."

Now at the porter-houſe, where the affray began, was a very pretty girl, to whom, it was ſuppoſed, both maſter and man paid their devoirs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Bid Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turn Dutcheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drag the vile whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

POPE.

Lothario on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March yet lives.

CHURCHILL.

WHILE Smith remained in town, Marmaduke was with him moſt days. He prevailed on our hero and Wiffle to go with him to a debating ſociety. Symms was otherwiſe engaged. The ſubject of debate was, "Which has moſt injured ſociety, Infidelity or Enthuſiaſm." The defenders of Infidelity carried every thing before them; they had

had nine-tenths of the company on their ſide to condemn Enthuſiaſm; and Marmaduke, and a large tribe, like himſelf, repeatedly joined in a horſe laugh, at the artful and violent invectives with which poor Religion was treated on account of her baſtard brother. Her defenders, the opponents of Infidelity, on the contrary, could meet with very little attention, and the freedom of debate was never more abuſed than by theſe eager ſupporters of it. Thrice did Wiffle riſe in defence of the good old dame, and thrice did our hero pluck him back by the coat. Smith, who well knew all his arguments would be thrown away, was afraid leſt the looſe wit of Wiffle ſhould be the occaſion of inſults from any of the offended orators, and he happily reſtrained the impetuous punſter.

As they returned home, ſome of the haranguers were aſked by Marmaduke to ſupper; Smith and Wiffle had before promiſed him their company. The ſubject of converſation among the ſelf-illuminated at Mr. Marmaduke's, ſoon turned upon

upon the ſuperior knowledge of the preſent day, which concenters in itſelf the wiſdom of every foregoing æra, and which proves and exemplifies the theories of the ancients. "Happy! thrice happy!" cried one of the orators, "are we modern philoſophers to have been born in an *age of reaſon*; when a wonderful perſpicuity, and even mathematical certainty, pervades all the ranks of literature, and expands every art and ſcience." "Since I have the honour to be in the company of ſuch an enlightened ſet of philoſophers," ſaid our hero, "I may conclude, Gentlemen, that you can elucidate a ſubject which has lately created many doubts and many diſputes among the literati, and many bets and many dinners among the illiterati." The philoſophers were all attention. Our hero proceeded. * "When

* This is no imaginary ſubject of diſpute. Wiſe men from the Palace to the Change, from the Members of C. Hall to the Members of P. Ariſtocrats and Democrats, Courtiers and Citizens, Soldiers, Lawyers, Phyſicians, and Divines, all of the very firſt eminence in their ſeveral ſtations and profeſſions, *could be named*, who have taken up the gauntlet of controverſy concerning the end of the 18th century.

does

does the 19th century begin?" Every one of theſe men of univerſal knowledge contemptuouſly ſneered at the very queſtion. "Ridiculous!" replied a maſter of ſubtil propoſitions, "there is no matter for doubt. Aſſuredly when the 18th has ended." "I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir," ſaid Smith, ſmiling, "this I *did* know before. But when does the 18th end?" "At that very moment of time," replied the man of wiſdom, with the profoundeſt gravity, "when this terreſtial globe, turning on its axis, forms with its diameter drawn from any individual and the ſolar luminary a ſtraight line; the inſtant this line ſwerves from its ſtraightneſs, what is *commonly* called, the ſun has paſſed its nader, or *philoſophically* ſpeaking, the nader has paſſed the central ſolar beam, the new year commences to that individual." "Your learned and comprehenſive explanation," continued Smith, "is doubtleſs, Sir, very edifying; but, at the end of what year does this fraction of the

the ſtraight line, diametrically drawn from you to the ſun, begin your next century?"

"Aſſuredly when the year 1799 is completed."

"My dear friend," exclaimed another philoſopher, "You certainly mean the year 1800."

"Sir, I mean what I have ſaid, 1799. I, who have written four large volumes on ———"

"If you had written four thouſand," exclaimed a third, "you could never make me believe ———"

"Pſhaw!" cried a fourth, "when 1799 years are paſſed by, we finiſh the 18th century."

"Damnation! what the Devil do you mean, can 1799 years make ——?"

The other calmly proceeded, regardleſs of the fury of his opponent. "When I come to 1800, is it not ſufficient? This I do at the end of the year 1799. Citizens, can any thing be more clear?"

Certainly not," replied the firſt, willing to cloſe it with a ſimile. " If I travel, the moment I arrive at the hundreth mile-ſtone, I have been an hundred miles." " By my ſoul!" bawled the man of violence, " you'll make me mad. I ſay it is contrary to reaſon, ſenſe, learning, philoſophy, that 1799 can make 1800." " My dear Rapid," ſaid the firſt, " hear me explain it to you." " Damn explanation," vociferated the other, once known by the name of Blaſt Rapid, Eſq. now Citizen Rapid, " I ſwear by all that's ———"

" My dear friends!" exclaimed young Pendragon " my dear friends!" trying to aſſuage the tumult, while Wiffle and Smith enjoyed and fomented the ſtorm. The arts and ſciences were never more completely at croſs-purpoſes; and the laſt of the whole ſet, *The ſcientific reſearches of pugiliſm*, had certainly concluded the argument, but for the inſpiring powers which gratified their olfactory nerves from Mr. Marmaduke's ſupper, that luckily at this period made its

its appearance. Not Neptune himſelf in a ſtorm, nor a favourite orator in a crowd, could have been more ſucceſsful; not an enraged ſchool-boy at the ſight of his maſter, more ſuddenly calmed; not an hen-pecked huſband at the ſound of his miſtreſs's voice, more engroſſed by the coming object.

"Sound has given place to the gratification of ſenſe," ſaid Wiffle, as he helped one of the moſt loquacious to the wing of a boiled fowl and oyſter ſauce. A *nod* from the hungry orator realized the remark.

It is a received aphoriſm that nothing will more conduce to allay the *iraſcible* appetites, than the means of gratifying the *carnivorous* ones; therefore *hunger* and *valour* are ſynonimous. Had the Engliſh Miniſters, at the commencement of the war with the French Republic, been better philoſophers—had they known this great truth, the affairs on the continent had undoubtedly taken a more favourable turn. The ſubſidizing our allies, was the very worſt method we could

have adopted; they ſoon became heavy, dull, cloyed, ſatisfied, and uſeleſs; while the idea of ſtarving our enemies was equally erroneous—it proved the provocative of their wit, the rouſer of their ſpirits, and the grand incentive to their courage. Hunger, we are told, will eat through walls of braſs, much leſs could ſtones and mortar oppoſe it. It is to be hoped then, if foreign ſubſidies are abſolutely neceſſary to the Britiſh politics, that at another time we ſhall have learnt wiſdom, and ſhall beſtow our loans, preſents, and other ſuperfluities on the enemy; as we are well aſſured they cannot be diſtributed to a worſe purpoſe than they were in the laſt inſtance. Let the caſe before us ſuffice to prove it, inſtead of a volume on the ſubject.

When the animal economy had been fully repleniſhed by a liberal proportion of the moiſt as well as dry nutriment, Mr. M. Pendragon, with that vacuity of thought which characterized the hopeful young man, exclaimed to a gentleman, who in the debating ſociety,

ſociety, whilſt he calumniated enthuſiaſm with all the ardour of a Billingſgate againſt an offending *petit-maitre*, had profeſſed himſelf an enlightened philoſopher, "My dear Mr. Puzzlebrain," ſaid young Pendragon, in his ſimple way, "don't you then really believe that there is a Heaven or a Hell." "Reaſon, reflection, knowledge, all teach me," replied the orator, "that when I once ceaſe to be, I cannot again exiſt." "And pray, Sir," ſaid Wiffle, now no longer to be reſtrained, "what teaches your horſe? for I conceive he had no more idea of a future exiſtence than his maſter." "So," retorted another of the declaimers; "*you* abſolutely believe in the ſtale ſtory of another world. Pray, good Sir, what do you ſee in *my* appearance more *eternal* than in any other of the living creatures of this earth?" "God forbid, Sir," replied Wiffle, "that I ſhould judge of all mankind from you. Indeed, if I took *you* for a ſpecimen, I ſhould doubt a little." "I ſuppoſe," ſaid a third, ſhaking his head with a ſneer,

" the gentleman feels a certain deficiency at preſent, and lives in the hope that he ſhall be better off hereafter; he humbly truſts, that the vapour of his wit will be metamorphoſed into the ſolidity of wiſdom." " But you," anſwered Wiffle, " perhaps are not conſcious of your deficiency, for, I have heard, it's a trait of folly to be ignorant of its wants." " It is the voice of intereſt, not the voice of reaſon," ſaid the firſt orator, returning to the attack, " that makes you fancy there is another world, and pride flatters you with the hope, that your deſerts ſhall be rewarded." " While, Sir," replied their general opponent, " you who are all modeſty and candour, by the ſame argument, find that it is your intereſt there ſhould be none, and, with due diffidence and humility, are conſcious you do not deſerve it." " *Primus in orbe Deus fecit timor*," vociferated a new antagoniſt, " Fear firſt made Gods, and cowards are its worſhippers." " It is much more probable, " ſaid our hero, taking up the argument, " that fear firſt

endeavoured

endeavoured to reaſon itſelf into the belief that there were none." "The wiſdom of a Voltaire has already elucidated the baſe and cowardly nature of ſuperſtition," retorted the man of learning. "The courage of his infidelity," ſaid Smith, "I know he practically ſhowed by his patience under the diſcipline of the Pruſſian officer's cane, but whether your idol's *wiſdom*, Sir, is in the ſophiſtry of his argumentative, the falſehood of his hiſtorical, or the blunders of his philoſophical works, I have yet to learn." "The abilities of a Voltaire, Sir, "replied the other, "were not to be confined to forms and trifles." "Nor facts, nor truth, Sir, continued Smith, "but is it by reaſon, reflection, or knowledge, that the libertine, the debauchee, and the criminal, join the cry of the ſelf-made philoſopher, and ſay there are no gods to reward or puniſh. Did reaſon, reflection, and knowledge ſo teach the learned ſages of antiquity? Are the deep reſearches, the perſevering inquiries of a Newton and a Locke, to yield to the in-

ſpired learning of every declaimer who tells you, himſelf, that he is a clever fellow?" "Do you mean us, Sir?" ſaid the whole tribe at once. "According as you feel it gentlemen," replied our hero. "Let me tell you, Sir," ſaid one of the moſt violent, "credulity is no ſign of wiſdom. I love the plain truth, and while I have life, will do my beſt to detect enthuſiaſm and error." "By the ſame principle, I conclude," ſaid Wiffle, "as the thief-catcher detects the thief." "All pretended ſupernatural occurrences, Sir," ſaid Smith, giving Wiffle a look to be ſilent, "would you not willingly expoſe?" "Yes," ſaid the orator. "Yes," re-echoed the whole gang. "Then, Gentlemen," continued Smith, "I put you to the teſt;" and taking a paper from his pocket, he read the famous advertiſement of a well-known fortune-teller. "Do any of you believe the lady?" They naturally anſwered in the negative. A large ſtrain of invectives were now poured forth againſt the bold aſtrologiſt; when it had ſubſided,

Smith

Smith calmly continued, "Now, Gentlemen, which of you are inclined to make the trial of this impoſtor?" No one offered himſelf a volunteer in the taſk. One of the company at laſt ſaid, "Why don't you detect her yourſelf?"

"I have never boaſted myſelf a diſbeliever of ſupernatural occurrences, and, though I have no faith in the wonderful ſtories told of this lady, which you, gentlemen, muſt have heard, it will give me no manner of concern if ſhe indeed has the knowledge ſhe profeſſes; but I think the man, who propagates opinions againſt the exiſtence of a ſuperior governance, ſhould firſt ſhow his wiſdom by detecting a very glaring inſtance of the loweſt kind, that in the moſt public manner invites him, as it were, to the teſt." "Let us all go together, and viſit this lady," ſaid Marmaduke. "That is not to be done," replied Smith, "ſhe receives but one at a time, to whom ſhe recapitulates ſome of the occurrences of their former life, as a proof of her know-

ledge; and then foretels whatever remarkable is to follow, if the perſon wiſhes it, even to their death. Now, Gentlemen," continued our hero, "as you are the champions of incredulity, here is an antagoniſt that bids you defiance. After all your profeſſions you ſhrink from the combat. One woman boldly profeſſes the art of foretelling events by a ſupernatural knowledge of the influences of the ſtarry bodies; ſhe reigns alone ſucceſsful and triumphant; while a whole body of would-be philoſophers aſſemble in crowds, abuſe every thing ſacred and divine, compliment and praiſe the wiſdom of one another, yet are unable to confute and detect the arts of a ſingle, friendleſs, female opponent." Our hero, not wiſhing to have any further altercation with theſe inveſtigators of truth, took his leave of the company, and with his friend Wiffle proceeded to his lodgings.

A few days after, Marmaduke, who was fond of ſhewing his conſequence, offered to introduce our hero to one of the moſt faſhionable pharo-tables. Smith told him

him it was a game he had never played at, or wiſhed to play. The other anſwered, that made no difference, but that he would introduce him to the houſe, (if Smith choſe) where he was perfectly at liberty to play or not, as he thought proper. "When I have once introduced you to the miſtreſs of the houſe, who, by the by, is not only a very intimate acquaintance of mine, but a near relation, you will be quite at home. The card rooms will be all open to you, to look on or play; no notice will be taken by any one; your name will be down in Mrs. Leurry's book-liſt, with the perſon's by whom you are introduced; and a very elegant ſupper will be at your ſervice at one o'clock. The ſupper is always provided by the man who ſuperintends the pharo-bank, for the expreſs purpoſe of Mrs. Leurry's friends, whether players or not. He makes this compliment to the lady, and pays all the expences of the evening for the uſe of her houſe and name; and, they tell me,

ſometimes a handſome preſent beſides."

A ſcene of this kind was totally new to Smith; his curioſity induced him to gratify it, but he doubted the truth of Marmaduke's ſtatement. Wiffle aſſuring him the lady really was a relation, and that Marmaduke occaſionally went there, our hero no longer demurred.

The novelty of this entertainment could not fail to gain his attention, and he made the common-place remarks to himſelf, natural to a ſtranger. Though he had already indulged in ſo many habits of diſſipation, yet he ſaw at once the immorality and even wickedneſs of this. How keen is our ſight when cuſtom has not dulled the edge of it. "Is it poſſible," ſaid our hero to himſelf, "that my country is ſo depraved, that a woman, who can proſtitute her name, and ſell her family and connections to a ſet of wretches of this kind, is ſtill countenanced by the community in general, the people of faſhion and family in particular?" Marmaduke ſoon ſet down to the pharo-

table;

table; Smith did not attempt to play, but after ſupper, as he was looking on, and trying to learn the peculiarities of the game, a gentleman, who alſo ſtood by (for there were many), aſked him if he would play a few hands at piquet. Smith, who knew the common games upon the cards very well, did not like to refuſe, and they ſet down together to play for half-guineas. They played for about an hour, and Smith loſt two guineas. The ſtranger ſoon after went away. Marmaduke left the pharo-table when he perceived the piquet party was over, and to Smith's enquiries concerning his antagoniſt, informed him he was Lord Carmine. Smith knew that Lord Carmine was one of the moſt daſhing men of the day, that he had the firſt horſes on the turf, and run his matches and gamed for immenſe ſums of money. He was, therefore rather ſurpriſed, that his Lordſhip had condeſcended to play for ſo trifling a ſum.

Lord Carmine, unlike the general run of young noblemen, ventured upon the turf. From his firſt commencement, he had never

never been made a dupe of, and (as my friend Patrick O'Neale told me) was a veteran when he firſt began. The parts of his education which were moſt attended to, were a proper and clear knowledge of the different faſhionable games, the various deceits and impoſitions which are commonly practiſed upon the cards by deſigning and profeſſed gameſters, and a perfect familiarity with the cards and chances of the games. In the pedigree of horſes his Lordſhip was much better verſed than in his own; in the tricks of jockies, ſtable-boys, and the owners themſelves, he had been thoroughly inſtructed; and ſo able had been his maſters, ſo willing and ready to learn had been the pupil, that when he daſhed forth in the great theatre of diſſipation and gaming, with an unincumbered fortune of thirty thouſand a year, he had proved too deep, too well inſtructed for them all. The ſly old practitioners and needy adventurers, had more than once attempted to entangle him in their toils; like a Samſon he ſnapped them aſunder,

aſunder, and left them the victims of their wiles. I will mention one inſtance, though nothing to my hiſtory, that will ſhew his Lordſhip's thorough acquaintance in the deep arts and myſteries of theſe modern Greeks.

His Lordſhip had an excellent young filly to run at Newmarket, which was the favourite. In the betting room his Lordſhip offered ten to ſeven upon the race. "I'll take you in thouſands," ſaid a ſly old rook, whoſe experience, art, and cunning, was ſuppoſed to be the very firſt. His Lordſhip wondered at the boldneſs of the offer, but inſtantly cloſed with it, and ſoon after left the room. The race was to be on the morrow, and it was now late in the evening. Lord Carmine went directly to the ſtable where the filly was kept; the groom was in the act of going in, when his Lordſhip, taking the key and lantern, ordered him to go to the hotel, and ſend his own gentleman. "Mr. Donalſon," ſaid Lord Carmine, "you will ſleep in the ſtable with me to night; I think you and I can

make a very good groom and ſtable-boy for one evening." In ſhort, his Lordſhip and his head ſervant were the only perſons that approached the filly till ſhe came upon the race courſe. They prepared her for the match, and Mr. Donalſon led her to the ſtarting poſt. As the jockey was about to be weighed, Lord Carmine came forward, and ſaid, "I ſhall ride her myſelf, give me the cap," and ſtripping off his coat, ſtepped into the ſcales. He knew his own weight to an ounce, and was but a triſle heavier than the jockey. His Lordſhip rode remarkably well, and exerted himſelf uncommonly upon this occaſion, the conſequence of which was, he won the race. It is impoſſible fully to deſcribe the confuſion of the knowing black-legs, who thus loſt vaſt ſums. The old fellow, who thought himſelf ſure of winning, was completely ruined. The jockey, whom Lord Carmine chiefly ſuſpected, a few weeks after confeſſed the whole; he had been offered 1000 guineas to loſe the race, and had intended to give the

the horſe improper food in the ſtable, or, if no opportunity offered, to blow him in running. The veteran of iniquity, who had bribed the jockey, and betted with Lord Carmine, never afterwards was permitted to appear, and a great many of the fraternity, who depended upon his ſkill, forſook the turf, ſignalized themſelves on the road, and became the heroes of the Newgate Calendar much ſooner than their lot had otherwiſe deſtined them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Be it my fate, ſo Heaven in bounty pleaſe,
Still to be poor of bleſſings ſuch as theſe.

HORACE, Sat. I.

MR. Marmaduke Pendragon had a very particular friend, who, as well as himſelf, was a genius of no common caſt. Theſe young men were, in one reſpect, like Alexander the Great, neither of them could well have borne an equal; it was, therefore, the diſſimilarity of their taſte, manners, and perſons, that cemented their friendſhip. Mr. Lepauper, was the conſtant ſighing ſwain, making an offer to every other woman he met; fond of all great people (where the title and fortune made

made the greatneſs) ; and a regular attendance at every levee, where he could get admittance. In his perſon, thin and meagre, ſo directly the reverſe of Marmaduke, that two better foils to one another cannot be conceived. Family pride, Marmaduke, who was of good family, had none; Lepauper, who knew not the chriſtian or even ſirname of his great grandfather, idolized it, and heraldry was his only ſtudy. He alſo had been placed with an attorney, but his pride in vain attempted to make an eminent barriſter of him. His grandfather had taken the name of Pauper from being brought up in the workhouſe. At a very early age he was employed by a great clothier in the pariſh, and ſtep by ſtep roſe to be in buſineſs for himſelf. With a clear head he ſoon made his way in the world ; he amaſſed a conſiderable property, and at the age of fifty retired to a fine eſtate he had bought ſome years before. So great was the grandfather's hatred of the name of family, that he gloried in being called

called Pauper, and abſolutely diſinherited his eldeſt ſon (the father of the young man I am mentioning) for marrying a woman of one of the firſt families in the kingdom. After the old man's death the ſecond ſon inherited the eſtate, which, from many additions, was become of conſiderable value. The ſon had gained the favour of the father, by affecting the ſame turn of mind, by living with him always in the country, and frequently remarking, that "the nobility were the drones of ſociety." But on his father's demiſe, a great change took place; he no longer concealed his ſentiments, and an opportunity offering of making a good bargain, he purchaſed a Baronetcy, and by a trifling change became Sir James Lepauper. This uncle was unmarried, and to his title and eſtates his nephew's ambition was directed. Proud of the expected Baronetcy, in defiance of the common hiſtory of the family, which was known to all the neighbourhood, and which the old man gloried in telling, he flattered

tered himſelf greatly in his mother's alliance, and conſidered himſelf as equal to the firſt families in the county. The conſequence of this may be eaſily ſuppoſed; he was neglected and deſpiſed by the more reſpectable, and openly laughed at and inſulted by the commonalty.

In abilities, courage, learning, and knowledge, the two friends were nearly on a par. Mr. Lepauper, at this time, was gone off to Scotland with Lady Amelia O'Brottle, a younger daughter of an Iriſh Earl; and to ſum up all her perfections of mind, perſon, and fortune, in one ſentence, ſhe was "nothing but a name."

When Lepauper returned from his matrimonial expedition, his friend Marmaduke determined to give a dinner at the Temple. Smith, Wiffle, and Symms were invited; it was fixed for the day before our hero left London, and they met Mr. Lepauper, with two party friends of Marmaduke's, Mr. Jakes, and Mr. Snere, and a few young men of the Temple.

Jakes

Jakes was one of thoſe characters, who, like Lackington, might have ſaid,

"No time did I in education waſte,
"Happily I had an intuitive taſte."

Born and bred in the loweſt ſtation, the native powers of his mind diſpelled the obſcuring clouds that ſeemed to overwhelm him, and, forcing himſelf into notice, he trampled under foot modeſty, diffidence, diſtruſt, doubt, and the other checks of genius. He had written plays, pamphlets, novels, and was concerned in many periodical works; was univerſally known; and boaſted that he was a Democrat and Freethinker. Mr. Snere was alike in principle, (or properly want of principle) inferior in abilities, but cunning, ſly, and plauſible; he had received a finiſhed education, yet was of that mean deſpicable character, that at ſchool, at College, and in the habits of ſocial life, he had been always avoided by every man of honeſt reſpectability. To get a name of ſome kind

he

he had ſet up for a friend of the people's; happily for the people all their friends are not like him.

Our hero, who knew them both by ſight and by reputation, looked very hard at Marmaduke, who, underſtanding his meaning, turned his head aſide. Smith pauſed as he entered the room, and had half a mind to have left it, but his general habit of civility prevailed, and he determined neither to enter into political or religious ſubjects. Dinner was ſoon ſerved up, and ſoon over; few words had paſſed from any of the parties. An Engliſhman, at his introduction among ſtrangers, generally conſiders them with a ſuſpicious eye, but, if he knows that their principles are totally different from his own, he ſeems apprehenſive of an attack every moment. Lepauper was full of his own conſequence, and thought no one of the company worthy his regard beſides Symms, whoſe independent fortune, and valuable boroughs he had heard of. He talked a little to him in a low voice concerning his great

great marriage, and expectations; while the other alternately regarded his gait, tone, and manners, as fit objects of future ridicule. Marmaduke had, as yet, given none of his toasts; he was somewhat in awe of our hero, and feared the wit of Wiffle. But Jakes began for him—"Success to the cause of Liberty all over the world." The company, in a bumper, shewed their approbation. Jakes began a fine rhapsody on liberty, seemed at once to confider himself as toast-master, and gave another—"Freedom to the human mind from the shackles of religion." Filling his bumper he began a second oration, lamenting, that while all other animals of the earth enjoyed this all-glorious freedom, man alone was the slave to the *thoughts*, *manners*, and *appetites* of others of his own species. Wiffle, irritated (for he was designed for the church) and, seeing an opening for his favourite play upon words, instantly replied, "These are shackles, Sir, I wish not to be without; I have no desire to make an exchange for the mental endowments of any brute,

brute, however reſpectable he may be; I envy not the *independent thoughts* of that noble animal the *wolf*; I have no ambition for the eaſy and free *manners* of the *bear*; or have I any longing for a *canine appetite*. Snere, with a look of contempt at Wiffle for his affectation of wit, was preparing to cut him up moſt unmercifully, when Smith addreſſed himſelf haſtily to Pendragon. "Mr. Marmaduke, I beg we may have no politics or divinity, theſe ſubjects will only occaſion diſputes. Come, give us a lady." Snere contemptuouſly remarked, that "thoſe who have the weaker cauſe, are generally glad to give up the argument." Smith made no anſwer; Jakes looked defiance, and grinned; and Marmaduke toaſted ſome noted demirep.

The firſt claſh between the modern Oxonians and Independents, was thus pretty well over. Jakes threw himſelf back in a chair, as if deſpiſing the trifling minds of the company, and Snere addreſſed himſelf to his ſapient

hoſt with, "Well, Mr. Marmaduke, are we to talk of faſhions, of dogs, or horſes, ſince theſe gentlemen wiſh not the veil of falſehood removed from their eyes." This was ſpoken with ſo ſupercilious an air, that Symms could not reſiſt an inclination to imitate it. The reſt, and even the inanimate Lepauper burſt from a ſtifled laugh. The man of wiſdom perceived he was the object of ridicule, and haughtily continued, "My ſacred love of Truth, Sirs, deſpiſes the ſcoffs and taunts of the ignorant; and while I profeſs myſelf to be her diſciple, I will, if occaſion offers, glory in being her martyr." "A ſecond Vaneni upon my honour," ſaid Smith, "but are you aſſured, my good Sir, that what you call Truth, the reſt of the world will allow to be ſuch?" "I care not," replied the philoſopher, "for what is commonly called the reſt of the world. I follow reaſon, learning, knowledge." "I ſee," ſaid Smith, ſmiling, "the cant is the ſame with you all; you mean your own

reaſon, your own learning, your own knowledge. Mine, I truſt, is far different; but ſince, Sir, you care not for the reſt of the world, the reſt of the world may perhaps pay you the ſame compliment, and what you call truth may be in their eyes no other than falſehood. But when you deſpiſe the ſentiments of others, you ſhould at leaſt learn not to intrude your own." "Is a man of my years," replied Mr. Snere, "to learn from the innate prejudices of youth; this would be, indeed, dancing to a pretty tune." "I take your alluſion, moſt learned Sir," ſaid Wiffle, "that Socrates, when he knew every thing elſe, learned to dance in his old age; but I perceive you are a great way from a Socrates, for you cannot even command your temper, and I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, if you follow his example, that your dancing days will not ſoon arrive, and that you will never be able to cut a caper to any tune."

The Philoſopher put on a feigned ſmile of contempt, and deigned not to reply. Mar-

maduke, at no time very wiſe, now clearly ſaw his error in bringing ſuch different characters together. His intention had been, by the eloquence of his party friends, to aſtoniſh and confute his Oxford ones; as they, who have been amazed at the tricks of a conjurer, fancy others have the ſame taſte as themſelves.

A long ſilence enſued, which Mr. Lepauper broke by ſome fooliſh queſtion to Marmaduke, concerning the pedigree of his family; then veered round to his late noble connections, and ended with a dull formal panegyric on hereditary honours. Jakes could not remain ſilent when ſuch a ſubject was ſtarted. "Honours, titles, and diſtinctions, are but baubles at the beſt," ſaid he, "but, when they are handed down to ſucceeding generations, they are like an old taudry ſuit of clothes, which, though they may have fitted the firſt poſſeſſor, hang but looſely on his ſucceſſors; and, as a Merry Andrew in his patched jacket, ſo the

wearer becomes, to every man of ſenſe, an object of ridicule and contempt." "The man," replied our hero, "who riſes by his own virtues, is undoubtedly ſuperior to him who only borrows from his forefathers; yet the honours that are derived from our anceſtors, are ſurely to be reſpected and commended, as the continuation of our eſteem for the original. If we reward a perſon with a ſum of money, the property goes on to his poſterity—why then ſhould not honours alſo be hereditary? Does any man benefit us, our gratitude and good-will we continue to his family: has he been a kind friend or relation, are not our affections, for his ſake, placed upon his offspring, and when the community think proper to confer titles and honours of any kind, why ſhould our good-will periſh with the poſſeſſor, and be torn from his poſterity? Beſides, the favour is increaſed by the continuation of it to thoſe moſt beloved, moſt dearly allied to him." "Ties of blood," replied Snere, "are only

the weak links of the old chain of oppreſſion, which makes one perſon dependant on another: ſo the Tyrant is called Father of his pēople! the French have happily ſeen the fallacy of theſe diſtinctions, and the weak fetters have periſhed with the greater ones." Slow and contemptuouſly the philoſopher ſpake; Wiffle ſaw an opening, and thus replied. "Pardon me, Sir, you are not correct. Though the French may have no ties of blood, they have *bloody ties* in abundance; and though the regular chain of parental dependance may be deſtroyed, they have forged a much more galling one in its place, with no weak links indeed, but nevertheleſs of the *relative* kind, I mean that griping chain of FRATERNIZATION." "My arguments, Sir," ſaid the indignant Democrat, "ſoar high above the ſhafts of your pertneſs." "In truth," ſaid Wiffle, "they are very light." "The grapes," cried the diſputant, with a note of exultation, "which the fox cannot reach, he can

can eaſily call four." "The arrows of my folly," replied Wiffle, will reach, I believe, to your owl."—"And every magpye," added Jakes, laughing at his own retort, "can ſcreak at the eagle, though few can fly along with him." "Birds of any note," continued Wiffle, "ſeldom fly in couples, though ſcreach-owls and ſuch like, who cannot bear the light, often fly in pairs." "Your knowledge of *natural* hiſtory," anſwered Snere, contemptuouſly, "I may venture to ſay, is not very great." "While your's, on the contrary," ſaid Wiffle, who, like poor Crambe, was unable to reſiſt the temptation, "ſeems to have enough of the *natural* for us all."

"I contend not with the imbecile force of a pun."

"There, Sir, you are right, for ridicule, I've heard, is the teſt of ſenſe."

"And, pray, Mr. Oxonian," ſaid Jakes, with an inſolent and pointed laugh, "what's the teſt of impudence?" "That's a home

queſtion, I allow you," replied the punſter, "and therefore you can anſwer it beſt yourſelf."

Jakes ſeemed not to reliſh his antagoniſt's manner of diſputing, and Diſcord had began to clap her wings, when Smith once more attempted the mediator, and another toaſt, general, attractive, and conciliating, reſtored harmony to all parties.

Marmaduke puſhed his bottle round very quick, and the Gallic-politicians perceiving the enemy, like the Parthian, could ſhoot flying, did not ſeem ſo eager to renew the combat.

Snere, indeed, once attempted, in a high flouriſhing ſpeech, to compare the ſituation of this country and France to the Carthaginian ſtate at the end of their ſecond war with the Romans, and was haſtening our ruin very faſt, when Wiffle ſtopped him ſhort by remarking, that "he underſtood Mr. Snere had not delighted in *Punic* wars, or *Roman* infallibility."

After

After a few bumpers, all parties became more ſociable, and Jakes ſhowed himſelf poſſeſſed of a wonderful fund of general knowledge. "I am aſtoniſhed, Sir," ſaid Smith to him, in the courſe of the evening, "that a man, ſo well informed as you are, ſhould plague yourſelf and others with ſuch violent notions on politics and metaphyſics." "To tell you the truth," replied Jakes, in a whiſper, "I could never get into notice, upon my life I could get no employment, till I handled theſe ſubjects pretty ſmartly. Now I have got plenty; but ſince we don't go the ſame road, you ſhall have no more."

Lepauper joined very little in the converſation, but evidently ſhowed that he conſidered himſelf as ſuperior to the major part of the company. An occaſional toſs of the head, an unmeaning ſneer gave the true index of pride and folly.

A hint or two of this ſort was not diſregarded by Wiffle, who, remarking alſo that he

began to refuſe his wine, hinted to Smith that he would do his beſt to give his pride a fall before they parted. He drew his chair nearer to him, and winking to the others, ſaid, "Come, Mr. Lepauper, you have not favoured us with your converſation for ſome time; what ſay you to that excellent toaſt? '*The honour of Nobility.*' "My good Sir," replied Lepauper, "I've drank enough wine, but I cannot refuſe *that* toaſt," and inſtantly took off his bumper. "You look thin, Sir," continued Wiffle, in a tone of pity, "ſince I had laſt the pleaſure of meeting you with my friend Marmaduke; I don't think you drink enough wine." "*My* Phyſician," replied the conſequential Lepauper, "adviſes me not to drink more than a bottle at a ſitting, and I think I have had my quantum." "I am afraid you take medicines?" Wiffle gravely aſked. "I have," anſwered the other, "taken a few ſlight things lately." Wiffle deliberately ſhook his head; Symms drew his chair back

to

to hide a ſmile; the reſt of the company, pleaſed at this attack upon a haughty pompous ariſtocrat, were all attention, but at a loſs at what Wiffle meant, who calmly proceeded—"Mr. Lepauper, do you know many ſturdy old Phyſicians?" "I can't ſay I do," replied the other. "No," ſaid Wiffle, with a ſigh, "Phyſicians, in general, look old at fifty, and die, the moſt healthy of them, at threeſcore. But, Mr. Lepauper," aſſuming a livelier tone, "do you know no jolly old fellows, who enjoy their glaſs freely in defiance of threeſcore?" "Oh! plenty," ſaid he. "Plenty," re-echoed the reſt of the company. "Then, Mr. Lepauper," concluded Wiffle, in the tone of a man who had ſatisfied another, "If phyſic only haſtens old age, and good wine, while it cheers the heart, and enlivens the ſoul, will preſerve the body ſound and hearty, which is beſt, my young Baronet?" "Wine, wine, wine," hallooed Lepauper himſelf, among the beſt of them. "Then throw

phyſic to the dogs, and fill a bumper to the good old toaſt," cried Wiffle, '*When ſickneſs raiſes a ſtorm, may the ſtomachic veſſel find the good Port!*" Lepauper, in high ſpirits, drank off a glaſs. "Now Symms," cried Wiffle, "give us your wine ſong." Symms began,

"Wine cures the gout, &c. &c."

Very little more was neceſſary to complete the overthrow. Wiffle talked nonſenſe to him as faſt as his tongue could go; one inſtant cut him up, then punned upon him, then flattered him, and gave him titles and honours without mercy. "When I write poetry," ſaid Wiffle, "I will dedicate it to your Lordſhip; will you not patronize me?" "Certainly," ſaid Lepauper. "Hail, thou ſecond Mæcenas," as, with his right hand extended, he addreſſed him,

"*Mæcenas atavis, &c. &c.*"

In ſhort, Lepauper, gudgeon-like, moſt eaſily ſwallowed the tempting bait of flattery

ſlattery, and was quickly tickled out of any will of his own. " Nature, my dear Baronet," continued Wiffle, " certainly meant you for a philoſopher. Many of the principles I perceive are innate in you, particularly the chief, the *ſtudy of quality* and *obedience to all powers*. Again you are undoubtedly a mathematician; *properties* and *effects* are ſure to meet with your notice; you delight in *magnitudes*; your very head's a *ſuperficies*; your mind's a *vacuum*; and your whole perſon a good definition of a *ſtraight line*, the longitude without the latitude. You prove yourſelf an aſtrologer, by the reverence with which you contemplate *ſtars* and other luminous bodies; you are well verſed in the knowledge of their *names*; and you ſtudy their benign aſpect, their places, and their influences; and even now you are looking out for the *conſequence**." All this ſtuff was loſt upon Le-

* *Conſequence* in aſtrology, is when a planet moves in natural ſucceſſion.

pauper

pauper himſelf; but Jakes, Snere, and the reſt, enjoyed it.

A party was propoſed to Vauxhall, and as inſtantly acceded to. Two coaches were called, and all the company, except our hero and Mr. Snere, ſet off. Snere was ſo intoxicated, that he was unable to ſpeak, and ſtaggered home; and our hero went again to Mrs. Leurry's, determined to try his luck at pharo, as far as the ſmall ſum of twenty guineas would go. Lepauper was confuſed, and could not walk without aſſiſtance; Wiffle and Jakes led him between them. "Now, my young Nobleman," ſaid the former, "you cut a very honourable appearance."

"Why ſo?"

"Becauſe your arms have got *ſupporters*."

They ſupped in the gardens. Wiffle's high tide of ſpirits was afloat, the more active though leſs talkative. Symms moſt ably ſeconded him; Marmaduke's portion of

of wit was expelled by the wine, and folly reigned triumphant. Jakes harangued, hallooed, and ſpouted away, till he had got a number of idlers round the box; the Templers laughed, and applauded every word he ſpoke, while Lepauper, with an idiotic grin, ſet in the middle of the group, like the unmeaning figure of an Egyptian idol with its raving prieſt and enthuſiaſtic adorers. Jakes, was too public a character not to be known by a great part of the company; many of them alſo knew Lepauper, and were ſurpriſed to ſee him, juſt married, in ſuch a ſtate, and with ſuch a companion.

The following morning one of them, a relation of his Lady's, called upon him, and kindly refreſhed his memory with the occurrences of the evening. Lady Amelia had been before greatly ſhocked at the ſtate in which her huſband had been brought home, and this gave the finiſhing blow to her confuſion. Never was a conceited ſelf-ſufficient coxcomb more completely humbled; my Lady gave

gave him a look almoſt of contempt; his honourable kinſman ſaid ſomething like pity; while poor Lepauper attempted an apology for his conduct, by throwing the blame on his friend Marmaduke, and profeſſing himſelf ignorant of the company. In this ſtate were things when Mr. Marmaduke himſelf called. All their voices were directed againſt him; he took the quickeſt and beſt leave he was able, heartily ſorry for every circumſtance that had happened, and firmly determined, in his own mind, when he next gave a dinner, to follow the old adage, and let "birds of a feather flock together."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.